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Selections from the Poems of SIR WALTER SCOTT

Edited by A. Hamilton Thompson, M.A., F.S.A.



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PREFACE

THE publication of this volume, which concludes the series of *Selections from English Romantic Poets*, has been somewhat delayed for various causes, although the greater part of it was completed as long ago as 1918. The principle of selection has been that which has guided previous volumes, to exhibit the characteristic genius of the author through passages which, so far as possible, are complete in themselves, and may be read independently of the context for the sake of their own merits. In the case of Scott, owing to the narrative form of his verse and the close sequence of incidents as parts of a plot woven by a prince of story-tellers, such an attempt can hardly be entirely successful; and somewhat detailed summaries of the contents of the longer poems are given in the notes, so that the circumstances of narrative passages may be clearly understood. While it may be conceded that, in depth of thought and perfection of craftsmanship, Scott is surpassed by his great contemporaries, no English poet, perhaps, has revealed to so many readers the true charm of poetry or the magic of local association; and, if the pieces here printed serve to indicate the causes which made that achievement possible, the purpose of the editor is accomplished.

A. H. T.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE,

August 1921.

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PRINCIPAL DATES IN THE LIFE OF SCOTT

- 1771, 15 Aug. Born in College Wynd, Edinburgh.
- 1778, Oct.—1783. At the Edinburgh High School.
- 1783, 1784. Visits to Kelso, and beginning of acquaintance with James Ballantyne.
- 1783, Nov.—1785. At Edinburgh University.
- 1786, 15 May. Bound apprentice to his father, a writer to the signet.
- 1786—1792. Studies for the bar. Friendship with William Clerk of Eldin.
- 1792, July. Called to the bar. Begins to practise in Nov.
1796. Publication of Scott's imitation of Bürger's *Lenore* (*William and Helen*).
- 1796, 24 Dec. Marries Charlotte Margaret Carpenter at St Mary's, Carlisle.
1798. Beginning of residence at Lasswade, Midlothian.
- 1799, Feb. Publication of Scott's translation of Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*.
- 1799, April. Death of Scott's father.
- 1799, autumn. *Metrical Ballads* printed by Ballantyne.
- 1799, 16 Dec. Appointed sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire.
- 1802, Jan. Publication of vols. I and II of *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the result of Scott's holiday wanderings in Liddesdale and the country round Kelso. Vol. III published in the spring of 1803.

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1803, 17 Sept.	Visit of Wordsworth and his sister to Scott at Lasswade. Scott joins the Wordsworths at Melrose, 19 Sept., parting from them near Hawick, 22 Sept.
1804, May.	Publication of <i>Sir Tristrem</i> .
1804, July.	Removes from Lasswade to Ashestiel near Selkirk.
1805, Jan.	Publication of <i>The Lay of the Last Minstrel</i> .
1805.	Scott enters into partnership with James Ballantyne, taking a third share in the printing business.
1805, summer.	Visit to Wordsworth at Grasmere.
1806, spring.	Appointed one of the principal clerks of the court of session.
1808, Feb.	Publication of <i>Marmion</i> .
1808, April.	Publication of Scott's edition of Dryden.
1809.	Formation of the publishing firm of James Ballantyne and Co., with Scott as partner. Scott quits his connexion with his publisher, Constable, and with <i>The Edinburgh Review</i> .
1809, March.	First appearance of <i>The Quarterly Review</i> with three articles by Scott.
1810, May.	Publication of <i>The Lady of the Lake</i> .
1810, July.	Visit to the Hebrides.
1811, July.	Publication of <i>The Vision of Don Roderick</i> .
1811, summer.	Purchase of the site of Abbotsford.
1812, May.	Removal from Ashestiel to Abbotsford (the house not completed till 1824).
1813, Jan.	Publication of <i>Rokeby</i> , followed within two months by the anonymous <i>Bridal of Triermain</i> .
1813, Sept.	Declines the offer of the poet laureateship.

1813. Beginning of the renewal of Scott's association with Constable, owing to the commercial difficulties of Ballantyne and Co.
- 1814, 1 July. Publication of Scott's edition of Swift.
- 1814, 7 July. Anonymous publication of *Waverley*, the completion of a romance begun in 1805.
- 1814, July, Aug. Voyage to the Shetland isles and western Highlands.
- 1815, Jan. Publication of *The Lord of the Isles*.
- 1815, Feb. Publication of *Guy Mannering* (Scott's anonymity preserved).
- 1815, Aug. Visit to Waterloo and Paris. *The Field of Waterloo* published in Oct.
1816. Publication of *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk* (Jan.), *The Antiquary* (May), and the first series of *Tales of my Landlord* (*The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality*, Dec.).
1817. Publication of *Harold the Dauntless* (Jan.) and *Rob Roy* (Dec.).
- 1818, June. Publication of *The Heart of Midlothian* (second series of *Tales of my Landlord*).
- 1818, Dec. Scott accepts a baronetcy.
1819. Publication of *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *The Legend of Montrose* (third series of *Tales of my Landlord*, June), and of *Ivanhoe* (Dec.).
1820. Publication of *The Monastery* (March) and *The Abbot* (Sept.).
- 1820, 29 April. Marriage of Sophia, Scott's eldest daughter, to John Gibson Lockhart.
1821. Publication of *Kenilworth* (Jan.) and *The Pirate* (Sept.).
- 1822, May. Publication of *Peveril of the Peak*.

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1823. Publication of *Quentin Durward* (Jan.) and *St Ronan's Well* (Dec.).
- 1824, June. Publication of *Redgauntlet*.
- 1825, June. Publication of *The Betrothed* and *The Talisman* (*Tales of the Crusaders*).
- 1826, Feb. Failure of the publishing firms of Hurst and Robinson, Constable, and Ballantyne. Scott determines to pay his creditors full. Gives up his house in Edinburgh (39 Castle Street) in March.
- 1826, 15 May. Death of lady Scott.
- 1826, June. Publication of *Woodstock*.
1827. Publication of *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte* (June), the first series of *Chronicle of the Canongate* (*The Two Drovers*, *The Highland Widow* and *The Surgeon's Daughter*, Oct.), and of the first series *Tales of a Grandfather* (Dec.).
1828. Publication of *The Fair Maid of Perth* (April) and the second series of *Tales of a Grandfather* (Dec.).
1829. Beginning of the collected and annotated edition of *The Waverley Novels*. Publication of *Anne of Geierstein* (May), the third series of *Tales of a Grandfather* (Dec.) and of vol. 1 of *History of Scotland* (Dec.).
- 1830, 15 Feb. Scott seized with paralysis, but continues work.
1830. Publication of *History of Scotland*, vol. 2 (May), *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft* and of the collected edition *Poetical Works*.
- 1830, July. Scott retires from clerkship of session.
- 1831, April. Second paralytic stroke.

PRINCIPAL DATES IN THE LIFE OF SCOTT 1

- 1831, Sept. Visit of Wordsworth to Scott, the occasion of Wordsworth's *Yarrow Revisited* a sonnet 'A trouble, not of clouds, weeping rain.'
- 1831, Nov. Publication of *Count Robert of Paris* a *Castle Dangerous* (*Tales of my Landlord*: fourth series).
- 1831, Sept.—1832, June. Continental tour: at Malta in Nov. and Dec. 1831, and at Naples, Dec. 1831, April, 1832.
- 1832, 9 July. Scott returns to Abbotsford.
- 1832, 21 Sept. Death of Scott.
- 1832, 26 Sept. Burial of Scott at Dryburgh abbey.

INTRODUCTION

SCOTT'S poetry sounded the note which re-awakened popular interest in the life of the middle ages. A feeling for chivalrous romance had never wholly died out among scholars and men of culture. Even during the period in which the rules of Nature were most closely identified with the laws of poetic common sense, there were many who were ready, like Sir Philip Sidney in an earlier age, to 'confess their own barbarousness' and admit that 'I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not mine heart moved more than with a trumpet.' Throughout the eighteenth century, the poetry of Spenser, who wedded the traditions of medieval chivalry to the classical and philosophical enthusiasm of the Reformation period, retained its influence and bore fruit in frequent imitations which, if they caught its outer form rather than its spirit, bear witness to the fascination of its descriptive and allegorical qualities and archaic style. In the 'sixties of the eighteenth century Chatterton's forgeries and the so-called Ossianic poems of Macpherson were received with an uncritical applause, symptomatic of the readiness of the public to be interested in a by-gone era whose manners were ill understood, even by professed antiquaries; while Percy's *Reliques* furnished an invaluable guide to the treasures of ballad-poetry. A few

years later, Warton's *History of English Poetry* and Tyrwhitt's edition of *The Canterbury Tales* marked the spread of scholarly study of our older literature. Dilettanti like Horace Walpole evolved a 'Gothic taste' out of a natural liking for history and romance freely coloured by their own imaginings. Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* gave birth to a type of novel of which the stock-in-trade was an ancient castle peopled by spectral wonders and undermined by chains of vaults and subterranean passages. Weak as these romances were, their popularity is an indication of the revolt against the decaying classical tradition, and they lead naturally to the new and more enlightened medievalism of Scott which took the world by storm.

Scott himself was the natural product of a country 'meet nurse for a poetic child,' upon which medieval traditions had a more abiding hold than upon England. In the district which he knew best and made his home feudal customs had never been wholly superseded. The union of the Scottish and English crowns had done little to affect the individuality of Scottish life, and the Highland chieftains and clansmen who rallied to the Stewarts in 1715 and 1745 differed little, if at all, from their ancestors who had fought against England under Wallace and Bruce. To Englishmen as a whole Scotland was an unknown and untravelled country: visits such as Johnson's famous tour to the Hebrides were greatly-daring adventures which few were hardy enough to undertake in regions as vague and misty as the heroes who peopled

them in Ossianic romance. Scotland had produced famous men of letters; but hitherto Burns was her only poet of more than secondary rank whose best work had taken a characteristically Scottish form. He, however, had worked in a field of his own which bore no likeness to the material cultivated by Scott, applying personal experience and sentiment to general facts of every-day life with an inimitable mingling of shrewd wit and deep pathos; and, while his genius was recognised in England, want of familiarity with the life that he knew best and the dialect in which alone his verse moved with spontaneity prevented, and still prevents, a really warm appreciation of his work by the ordinary Englishman.

On the other hand, Scott, with *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, touched a note which the public, whether English or Scottish, could appreciate at once. The poem took the acceptable form of a narrative in which the elements dear to the reader of contemporary romance were united with a freshness and vividness entirely novel. Its ringing rhymes and irregular metrical form were a novelty. It dealt with men and women, with war and love, straightforwardly and intelligibly. Its archaic words and phrases were not beyond ordinary comprehension. The action of the story never flagged: its passages of description and sentiment were all part of a general liveliness. The wizard lady and the goblin page, the moonlight visit of Deloraine to Melrose, supplied the popular ingredient of 'Gothic' mystery and wonder, skilfully combined with the semi-historical setting of the tale and

controlling its incidents. Underlying and imparting life to all was Scott's personal passion for the land of his early wanderings, where 'every field has its battle, and every rivulet its song,' an enthusiasm which breathes its fire in every line and communicated itself to an audience hitherto largely ignorant of the charms of moor and mountain. It is not too much to say that the publication of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* marks an epoch in the Romantic movement second to none in importance. *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798, with which the movement reached its historical climax, as seen from the standpoint of to-day, had fallen upon deaf ears. Wordsworth and Coleridge were conscious revolutionists in advance of their day; the direct relation on which they insisted between thought and diction, their rejection of conventions of poetical phrase, were new doctrines which it required some intelligence and patience to understand, and a generation which was accustomed to find an outlet for somewhat prosaic thought in a highly artificial and abstract type of language was unready to recognise the merits of poetical imagination presented in a form which deliberately scouted abstractions and generalisations. Scott appeared as the apostle of no poetic theory. He was already known as the author of casual romantic ballads and as the collector and editor of a body of minstrelsy which, uncouth as much of it was, had a singular charm and spirit of its own. His poem was simply an attempt to give the atmosphere of his favourite ballads to a chivalrous story whose scene he knew and loved, to revive their spirit

modern verse. His imagination was not like that of Coleridge, wandering at will in phantom barks over untravelled oceans: it worked most readily upon the familiar haunts of his youth, peopling them with the figures stored in his memory from history and legend. While he chose this concrete foundation for his work, the subject of his story was elevated and romantic. If he had taken Wordsworth's course and peopled Liddesdale and Teviotdale with leech-gatherers and simple cottagers, the success of his poem would have been small. His pageant of knights and ladies, monks and freebooters, his picture of a society in which civilisation and barbarism matched the contrast between fertile valleys and barren fells, heightened the attraction of his verse and obtained the applause for the directness and simplicity of its diction which Wordsworth and Coleridge had failed to command for theirs. Thus it was that the popular revolution in poetic taste at which they had aimed was actually achieved by the success of Scott's first long narrative poem.

For most lovers of poetry Scott continues to perform the work which he accomplished for his own generation. These stirring verse-narratives captivate the ear at once and prepare it for more subtle harmonies: they kindle the imagination before it is capable of responding readily to the call of verse founded upon more abstract themes. In loftiness of thought, in splendour of style, in variety of music, Scott cannot compare with the greatest poets among his contemporaries. His cast of mind was positive, not speculative: it gave poetic form, not to the eternal

problems and aspirations of mankind, but to the antiquarian and historical traditions of a past age. He was in haste, with his thought concentrated upon the object which he described, choosing the words which came to hand most readily without much care for felicity or perfection of phrase. The effect of his work depends upon the readiness with which his imagination grasped its object, moving rapidly from detail to detail with unfiring energy and power of reproduction. His poetry has one subject-matter, the romance of a bygone day: it is set to one tune, the triplicate rhymed metre which, employed with some irregularity in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, settled down to uniformity in his later poems. It is not surprising that, in an age so fertile in poetry, his vogue declined after his first success had accomplished the task of educating his readers for a change of taste. At the same time, he was not merely a temporary influence. A lesser poet might have succeeded as he did and have been forgotten in a few years. Just as we find it difficult now to discover in Bowles' sonnets the inspiration which had so powerful an effect upon Coleridge and Charles Lamb, so we might be wondering to-day of the popularity of tales in verse which to ourselves have neither savour nor salt. But Scott's verse, although in certain important respects it falls short of the high poetry, has permanent qualities which outweigh its limitations and endow it with perennial freshness.

What these qualities are has already been implied. First and foremost is the gift of rapid narrative. 'All his poems are frankly tales and nothing but tales. T

disclaim all pretensions to an epic character: 'metrical romances,' 'romantic tales' are the descriptions given by Scott of his earliest compositions. In the preface to *The Bridal of Triermain* he writes: 'According to the author's idea of Romantic Poetry, as distinguished from Epic, the former comprehends a fictitious narrative, framed and combined at the pleasure of the writer; beginning and ending as he may judge best; which neither exacts nor refuses the use of supernatural machinery; which is free from the technical rules of the *Épée*; and is subject only to those which good sense, good taste, and good morals, apply to every species of poetry without exception. The date may be in a remote age, or in the present; the story may detail the adventures of a prince or of a peasant. In a word, the author is absolute master of his country and its inhabitants, and everything is permitted to him, excepting to be heavy and prosaic, for which, free and unembarrassed as he is, he has no manner of apology.' Scott, in fact, rejected the constraint of the artificial rules of poetry; and, in proposing for himself the unambitious aim of pleasing his readers with a well-told story, the only conventions by which he was bound were the restrictions imposed by a conservative standard of taste and the chief pitfall which he sought to avoid was a lapse into dulness.

His faithful adherence to these principles ensured his popularity. He was never dull: he never wrote a line which could shock or perplex a single soul. The second of these merits is not in itself a passport to fame: Byron,

who quickly succeeded Scott in popular favour, pursued a deliberately opposite course. But, whether a poet chooses to edify or scandalise his public, it is possible that in either case he will be hopelessly dull; and Scott's aim was not to edify, but to please without offending sensitive consciences. On the other hand, his object of pleasing was by a constant variation of incident and interest developed his natural gift of qualities which we associate with narrative poetry in its highest form, the epic. Homer, says Matthew Arnold, is 'rapid in his movement, plain in his words and style, simple in his ideas, noble in his manner.' Now, while this pronouncement cannot be said to exhaust the virtues of the father of epic poetry, every word of it is true of Scott. His rapid movement continually enchains our attention. It is constant, not merely in his frequent descriptions of breathless rides such as Deloraine's midnight journey to Melrose and Fitz-James' headlong gallop from Loch Vennachar to Stirling, or of sails before a favouring wind, as the voyage of the nuns from Whitby to Lindisfarne and Bruce's prosperous return from Skye to Arran, but in the unflagging animation of every scene. The dramatic power of Marmion's departure from Tantallon and the description of the battle of Flodden is due in the first instance to the swift movement of the verse, the quickness with which it prints every detail upon the mind. In scenes where feasting takes the place of more strenuous action or tender sentiment is for the moment uppermost. Scott varies his movement, which otherwise might be

come tame, by interpolating snatches of ballad song which heighten the effect. The feast of reconciliation in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* is enlivened by the strains of the rival harpers; the ballad of Alice Brand is the diversion of the duologue between Allan-Bane and Ellen; the conference of Bertram and Guy Denzil in the cave on Brignal banks is broken by the songs of Edmund; the singing of *The Brooch of Lorn* at Ardtornish turns festivity into strife. Scott, moreover, understood the necessity of affording breathing-spaces in which to collect himself and his readers before passing from one career of rapid flight to another. The studied quietude with which he uses Spenserian stanzas of remarkable beauty and descriptive power as the prelude to each canto of *The Lady of the Lake* and *The Lord of the Isles* and as the finale to each poem; the unrivalled ease and dignity with which he turns from his story to personal associations in the dedications to the cantos of *Marmion*, relieve the strain of perpetual excitement.

The simplicity of his words and style and the directness of his thought need no comment. His style is the mirror of his simple and uninvolved thought: his imagination translates its visions at once into the plainest words, which he has no difficulty in finding. But to the full effect of such a style nobility of manner is essential; and nobility of manner depends upon the poet's sense of the dignity of his subject. No poet was ever less conscious than Scott of his dedication to the service of song or less inclined to wrap himself up in the singing-robcs of the

sacer vates. He adopted the profession of literature from personal inclination, but with a full sense of its precariousness and the determination that it 'should be my staff, but not my crutch.' When his poetry ceased to command its early popularity, he abandoned it for another species of composition in which he acquired even greater and more permanent fame. This easy treatment of poetry is very different from the self-consecration with which Milton and Wordsworth approached it. On the other hand, the example of Shakespeare, who would certainly have commended Scott's sentiments upon the worldly aspect of literature, is a standing proof that nobility of manner is not incompatible with a due regard for literary profits. If Scott wrote at first with the need of a substantial fortune before him, if literature became with him the means of building up a country estate, the subjects of which he wrote were the objects of his earliest enthusiasm and fired his imagination until the day of his death. Love for the history of the past combined itself with a passion for the familiar scenes of his native country: in remembering these and commemorating them in verse, he absorbed himself for the time being in subjects which were to him an abiding symbol of the nobility, beauty and happiness of life, with the result that his manner acquired and preserved a nobility and loftiness which transfigure the superficial plainness of his diction and the artlessness of his rhymes.

It is possible for lovers of poetry to possess a profound sense of the beauty of Nature and an exacting appre-

tion of the requirements of poetic style without any predilection for history or consciousness of the spirit of individual places. To such persons—and they are not few—Scott's poetry appeals but little. They fail to find in it the natural mysticism, the presence of 'the light that never was on sea or land,' penetrating and glorifying common things, the power of phrase which gives permanent record to a fleeting emotion. Scott had little dealing with abstract thought. It is true that he moralises frequently, very much in the manner of his eighteenth-century predecessors; but such moralising is merely incidental and never lasts long. Bruce, in face of the naked mountain-barrier of the Cuillin hills, is reminded of the loneliness of a monarch, 'his soul a rock, his heart a waste,' but breaks off his musings with alacrity at the sight of hunters and a slaughtered stag. The famous outburst of patriotic feeling at the beginning of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* turns soon from the general sentiment to the remembrance of scenes and places, to the natural features of Scotland, to Yarrow, Ettrick and Teviot stone. Scott's imagination is concentrated upon the material supplied by the eye and ear. While Wordsworth and Shelley, each in his own special way, transfuse all sights and sounds into a mental atmosphere independent of place and circumstance; while Keats and Coleridge use them, each for his own fairy-land; while all that Byron sees or hears becomes a symbol of his own personality as he chose to present it, Scott is content to record these things as they are and as they give him

pleasure. The beautiful stanzas on Autumn at the beginning of *The Lord of the Isles* are a faithful recapitulation of what he saw and heard from his own window. One detail after another, as it comes under his observation, takes its place in the picture: there is no effort in drawing the somewhat obvious comparison between the decay of autumn and the decline of life which the scene naturally provokes and Scott was quite capable of employing; but the lingering music of the verse, the echo of the pleasurable melancholy and the warm affection with which he watches the sun decline behind Ettrick forest, notices the last red leaves hanging from the trees of Gala and listens to the faint song of the last thrush of the year.

Such verse, it may be said, falls far short of the natural glory with which Wordsworth invests, for example, his 'evening of extraordinary splendour and beauty,' or turns from the river and woods in *The Abbey* to contemplate the indwelling and life-giving principle of Nature. Scott misses sublimity. Noble manner, on the other hand, is not necessarily sufficient and Wordsworth's poetry contains abundance of that which a poet who can rise to sublimity may also fall far below nobility. Scott's verse is consistently dignified; its merely trivial passages are extremely rare. Lord Byron has rightly expressed some doubt as to the effort at a temporary satire which occurs at the end of the sixth canto of *The Bridal of Triermain*, and most readers will agree that the wonders encountered by De Vaux

third canto of that poem, not by any means one of the most serious of Scott's compositions, are somewhat childish and not altogether in keeping with the medieval fairy-castle which rises, a splendid vision, out of rocks and mist or is revealed at night by stormy gleams. These things, however, are exceptions. To Scott the subject of his tale is high and inspiring, and he seldom fails to rise to it. Its scenery is consecrated by long association, and he describes it with a fervour that cannot dwell too ardently upon its lineaments or repeat its hallowed names too often.

It is this love of places for their own sake which is the crowning charm of Scott's poetry to all who have felt it themselves. His knowledge of the scene, the emotion which it has aroused in him, are the occasion for his most animated descriptions of action. When we think of *Marmion*, the first objects which we recall are the great tower of Norham castle looming against the sunset, the panorama of Edinburgh from Blackford hill, the ruins of Tantallon on their promontory, the deep ravine of the Till below Twisel. Melrose abbey by moonlight is the out-standing picture of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*: it is again the aisles of Melrose which preserve the echo of the solemn hymn with which the poem ends. The Trosachs, with the peaks of Ben A'an and Benvenue seen by glimpses above the waving branches of the wood, and the towers of Stirling, guarding the passage from the glens and moors through and across which the Fiery cross made its way from hand to hand, are the heart of

the romance of *The Lady of the Lake*. Bruce's deeds in *The Lord of the Isles* are secondary to the pictures of the stormy sound through which his bark beat its way up the walls of Ardtornish, the naked majesty of the shivering crags of Skye, and the succession of islands which came from the sea and vanished behind the horizon as he sailed southward to win back his kingdom. Each of these scenes is, as it were, a living character in its poem, filled with or referred to an indwelling spirit which generalises Nature into subservience to its workings, with its own individual traits and features. This is the essential peculiarity of Scott among the romantic poets. Scenery was necessary to Wordsworth, but he loses the physical outlines in the ecstasy to which it gave impulse. From *Tintern Abbey* it is a sound conclusion that, if he would view Tintern aright, there is no need to visit it at all; for the real subject of the poem is entirely independent of any special place or scene. But to Scott Melrose is the end and aim of his description: the tracery of the carved foliage are to him essential matters, as well as is their beauty and that alone which he seeks to convey. For the natural wonders of Staffa he finds no adequate words of description; but the distant sight of Iona across the sea suggests to him the contrast, not indeed original, but expressed with a solemn sincerity, between the works of eternal and mortal architecture. Wordsworth, when he visited Staffa, distressed by his fellow tourists, wrote four sonnets of unequal merit, the aim of which is not to describe, but to embody the reflection

which the place aroused. One of these is the obvious superiority of Nature to the works of man, and here he is at one with Scott; but, while the sight of the pillared cave itself is enough to awake this thought, Scott needs some concrete object on which to found his contrast. To Keats, on the other hand, neither local description nor abstract reflection was necessary: Fingal's cave was merely an analogy to the visions of fabled beauty among which his mind dwelt. It called up memories of Aladdin's palace and the city of the Apocalypse, and the chieftains and bards of Scotland whose shades Wordsworth invoked were forgotten to frame forth the apparition of Lycidas, washed ashore on the threshold of the 'rugged wonder' and disappearing from sight in its watery floor.

The concrete quality of Scott's imagination is nowhere so noticeable as in his love of the names of places and his power to invest them with charm. Milton, from his stores of classical and romantic learning, gave magic and suggestiveness to mere names, Aspramont and Montalban, Ternate and Tidore, Namancos and Bayona; and there is an echo of Milton in Scott's famous invocation of the horn of Roland, with its allusions to Fontarabia and Roncesvalles, on the field of Flodden. His love, however, was concentrated upon the places of which he wrote. Their names contained a subtle music for him: at the end of his life, when, worn out with toil and unrefreshed by foreign travel, he returned home to die, the familiar scenes of Tweedside roused him from the torpor in which he lay during the last journey from Edinburgh to Abbots-

ford and 'presently he murmured a name or two
 "Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee." E
 name, with its historical and personal associations,
 quired an individuality of its own. The mere mention
 it was a work of love, and through such lines as

And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,
 Have to proud Angus come;
 And all the Merse and Lauderdale
 Have risen with haughty Home

we feel the pulse of passion beating and turning a ca-
 logue of names into a triumphant chant. It is not that
 there is any special art in Scott's choice or arrangement
 of words. His descriptive epithets are for the most part
 conventional: 'Barnard's towers' are 'old,' Durn
 cathedral is 'huge and vast.' It would be difficult to
 parallel in Scott the perfection of phrase and music which
 Wordsworth achieved on Scott's own ground in such
 lines as

And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
 The lintwhites sing in chorus

or

The swan on still St Mary's lake
 Float double, swan and shadow

or to find in Scott the infinite beauty and romantic
 suggestiveness of

Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

But, if Scott's verse has less art, the emotion with which
 he contemplates the scenes that were the earliest objects
 of his imagination makes itself felt in every line

brings out the inherent picturesqueness and nobility of even the most simple names. Even when he wrote of places at some distance from Scotland and the Border, as in *Rokeby*, his sense of the beauty of scenery and the contrast between naked moor and wooded valley communicated the same power to his verse. *Rokeby* is in no sense his best poem, but it contains, in the course of a complicated and rather sentimental story, descriptions and landscapes abounding in local names which are certainly not inferior in power and appropriateness to more celebrated passages, while the lyric 'O, Brignal banks are wild and fair' has the natural ease and charm of movement and style which are so remarkable in the ballads of Rosabelle and Lochinvar. If any example of Scott's ability to deal nobly with a noble scene is needed, the lines dealing with Durham in *Marmion* are a case in point, where the solemn associations of the place and the majesty of the great church on its peninsula above the Wear are enhanced by the prelude enumerating the resting-places of St Cuthbert's body:

Chester-le-Street and Ripon saw
His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw
Hail'd him with joy and fear;
And, after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear.

For rapidity of movement, plainness of diction, simplicity of thought and nobility of manner this passage, rising

to its fine climax, could not be bettered; and the part which place-names play in it is essential to its attraction. Or, again, in Scott's description of the camp of James I as seen from Blackford hill, the central object of the picture, the city of Edinburgh climbing up the ridge to the point 'where the huge Castle holds its state' and calling forth the cry of the poet's affection and devotion 'Mine own romantic town!', and its background of the Forth, the Ochils and the shores of Fife and East Lothian give the whole scene an added splendour and nobility.

This love of place and his power of communicating it by the most simple and direct methods are the chief secret of the permanent fascination of Scott's poetry. Added to these and closely connected with them are a similar love and power with regard to history and legend. Scott brought his imagination to bear upon facts collected as his notes to his poems and novels show, with the zeal and patience of an accomplished antiquary. His lists of names of knights and nobles are no less vivid and attractive than his place-catalogues: such names stood as living symbols of the pride and valour of the past. His actual treatment of history in his narratives is always cavalier. His method, like that of Shakespeare in his historical plays, was to give his material the most effective form in which it could strike the imagination. In no case is there any necessity for checking fiction, in poetry or prose, too closely by historical fact. History, used in connexion with imaginative work, is no more than its setting: the licence which transposes and re-arranges

facts and dates, in order to enhance the effect of a story and stamp its characters with life, is quite permissible. It does not shock us to find king James V in opposition to an imaginary Roderick Dhu, a head of the house of Douglas whose age and parentage agree with no genealogical tables of the family lurking in the Highlands with a daughter unknown to history, or chronology freely tampered with in the course of Bruce's wanderings. Our interest lies in the disguised king, in Douglas and Ellen, in Bruce himself: the freely treated historical basis is a purely secondary matter. But there are points in which a general historical accuracy may be preserved and is even necessary to full effect; and in these Scott was not always careful. His three earliest and most popular poems had for their setting the life of the sixteenth century, which in Scotland, as has been said, retained its medieval colour while a process of transformation was going on in England. Castles and monasteries are essential to the picture; and, while it does not matter in the least that Marmion, in spite of his vices a lively example of the medieval knight, is a purely imaginary being and the lord of manors and castles which other families possessed at the date of Flodden, it does matter whether castles and monasteries, institutions with permanent and well-defined features of their own, are correctly described or not, especially by an author to whom detail is of great significance. Scott had a great eye for military antiquities: his terms do not always stand the light of modern criticism, but his castles, Branksome, Norham, Crichton,

Tantallon and Stirling, are real medieval castles. If the magic castle in the vale of St John must have struck Arthur, in pre-medieval days, as a portent in more senses than one, the splendid sunlit vision which greeted De Vaux at a later date would have been a most appropriate reward for the vigil of a knight of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. While, however, we can study these descriptions with pleasure and profit and admire Scott's pictures of battles and sieges and feasts in castle-hall as generally true and always life-like, he was never at home with the ecclesiastical side of his subject. This probably attracted him less, or at best was a picturesque and mysterious element of the past with which, apart from the ruins left by those who came, as he said, to 'cleanse our chancel from the rags of Rome,' he had no fundamental sympathy. In the notes to the present volume, some of the remarkable perversions of history which attend his fine narrative of the voyage of the nun from Whitby to Lindisfarne are commented upon. These are too numerous to notice here in detail; but it may be said that the whole circumstances of the story are a violation of historical truth, both as regards nunneries in general and the special places mentioned in the poem while the culminating point, the walling-up of the guilt-nun and her paramour, is the standard example of an absurd and often-repeated legend founded upon the misunderstanding of the process of enclosing or immuring anchorites in special cells to which they retired voluntarily for purposes of devotion. This is an exception:

case; but it may be said as a general rule that Scott's treatment of ecclesiastical matters was always tinged by fancy and that his monks, friars and priests, who are often associated with striking passages, have little more connexion with truth than the monks and hermits of so-called Gothic romance. The historical value of his work may be instanced by comparing two of his best-known novels. *Kenilworth*, in spite of the most daring anachronisms, is a splendid and spirited picture of Elizabethan court-life, the general truth of which no one could contest. *Ivanhoe*, on the other hand, while it lacks no splendour and spirit, is so full of fundamental errors that it is actually a misleading picture of the life of a period with which Scott had no great familiarity. At the same time, whatever Scott's historical deficiencies may have been, he opened men's eyes to the living interest of the middle ages, and his work in poetry and prose effected a salutary change in the general attitude towards the past and quickened historical and antiquarian zeal.

Scott's activity as a poet is merely an episode in his life. The circumstances which led him to abandon poetry are detailed in his various prefaces. He was under no illusion as to his powers: he regarded the gift of verse somewhat lightly as a natural talent to be used so long as it was of effective value. He had no special message to give: his object was to please his readers by telling them tales in verse, and, when their attention flagged, he changed his method to tell them tales in prose. His gift as a story-teller is pre-eminent throughout his poems.

Each has a definite and carefully constructed plot, which is developed with the utmost skill. It does not take much insight to discover the secrets which he reserves to hold our interest in suspense. If, however, we easily recognise De Wilton in the disguised palmer and foresee the inevitable unmasking of Marmion's treachery, it only spurs our curiosity for the arrival of the critical moments in which the mysteries are cleared. All through *The Lady of the Lake* it is quite evident that 'Snowdoun's lord is Scotland's king,' and no one is surprised to find that Fitz-James' Highland guide is Roderick Dhu; but this does not detract from the effect of Roderick's declaration of his identity or of the climax in which Fitz-James reveals himself as the king in the midst of his court. These things are obviously not apparent to the other actors in the story, and we share their astonishment in the hour of discovery. The power of enchaining our interest in the emotions of imaginary characters is essential to the writer of fiction; and each of Scott's poems, however conventional the elements of its plot, is a drama in which the fortunes of the leading personages are for the moment our own.

There is no doubt, however, that Scott found greater freedom for his imaginative genius in the novel than in the poem. *Rokeby* and *The Lord of the Isles*, with all their skill of plot, are less fresh and spontaneous than their predecessors. It is perhaps too much to say this of their form. *Rokeby* contains many beautiful passages, and, if we had no other poem of Scott's, *The Lord of the Isles*

would assuredly be reckoned a high example of narrative in verse. Yet neither gave signs of progress or novelty: they were further exercises in a manner to which the public was already accustomed and, as such, were received with slackened enthusiasm. Scott's choice of new historical periods did not greatly affect his treatment. His personages and their traits of character were not essentially different from those of his earlier poems. Knights, generous in friendship and hostility, ladies who pass through dangers and extremes of fortune on their way to happy marriage, freebooters with a rough chivalry to counteract their vices, pages and minstrels were still his theme. In *The Lady of the Lake* there had been a strong element of sentimentality which distinguishes it from the strenuous spirit prominent in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion*. In *Rokeby* sentimentality pervades the whole story, and the plot by which Matilda and the heir of Mortham are eventually united is fantastic in the extreme. If the action of the story is violent, it is violent by fits, and there are intervals in which, compared with the constantly rapid transitions of the earlier poems, it drags considerably. *The Lord of the Isles*, on the other hand, is inferior to *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* mainly because it has very little to add to them: the finale on the field of Bannockburn suffers because Scott had already surpassed it in his description of the battle of Blodden, while the supposed miracle wrought by the dumb page, whose position on a neighbouring hill at once recalls that of Clare in *Marmion*, is a theatrical

touch in no way comparable to the recognition which forms the climax of *The Lady of the Lake*. The dumb page again, Edith in disguise, is a weak point in the story: not only do we know at once who she is, but we feel that in real life no one could have failed to see that she was a woman and that the inconstant Ronald could not have been deceived so long by so transparent a concealment. At the end of the poem, while much has delighted us, the effect of the main story is tame, and, looking back to the variety and energy of *Marmion*, we feel that the perfect unity and balance of the elements which go to the making of Scott's favourite type of tale are somewhat impaired.

As a novelist, Scott had the opportunity of availing himself of material which, as a poet, he found himself debarred from using. The heroes and heroines of most of his novels are very like those of his poems: Malcolm and Ellen, Redmond and Matilda, Ronald and Edith are repeated over and over again, the men gallant and sentimental, the ladies sentimental and faithful, passing through a humorous world without gaining amusement from it. The world of his poems, however, is active and troublesome with little room for humour; and, if Scott is animated, he never ceases to be serious. In prose he departed from the consistent dignity which verse demanded and varied his narrative with an inexhaustible fertility in reproducing the simplest and homeliest traits of character. As a storehouse of the manifold diversities of human life, his novels are second in English only to the plays of Shakespeare; their brilliant pictures of action

are drawn with a shrewd wisdom and humour; and, while the people round whom the story unfolds itself are often conventional and uninteresting, the characters, serious and comic, which are developed incidentally in its course, are immortal. His poems need a constant elevation of spirit which cannot descend to the trivial. Such an elevation, where the poet has no conscious mission and dwells in no world of thought detached from every-day life, cannot be maintained; and Scott's later poems are a witness to a slight but natural decline of which no one was more conscious than himself. In prose fiction he found himself on surer ground, still face to face with the scenery and history which he loved, but far nearer the interplay of the heroic and ludicrous elements in human nature, to which he was acutely sensitive, than while fettered by the limits of verse.

Yet, allowing Scott's limitations as a poet and that poetry was not his supreme gift, the fact of his poetical influence remains. His work was the medium through which his contemporaries learned to recognise and appreciate the change in literary taste and sentiment which accompanied and was closely akin to the great political changes of their day: it is still the medium through which many still learn to love poetry, and the echoes of its stirring and simple music are still heard when the ear has accustomed itself to more elaborate harmonies. The dramatic force of its narrative passages, the alternate gaiety and plaintiveness of the lyrics which diversify them and haunt the memory as Fitz-Eustace's song

haunted the dying Marmion at Flodden, are remembered when poetry which deals with more profound themes is less easy to recall. This is not the place to speak of the life and character of its author, simple and modest, using his gifts freely and as if they were no more than the commonest possessions in the service of others, courteous and kindly to all men and so tenacious of his own honour and independence that he wore himself out in the endeavour to retrieve the misfortunes of his later life and died before he could fully enjoy his success. That character, however, is mirrored in the sincerity of feeling and straightforward lucidity of utterance which are inseparable from his verse, and these qualities ensure permanence for poetic work which no mere skill in the subtleties of musical rhythm can secure to artificial sentiment and diction. These are too often veils beneath which scantiness of thought is hidden. If Scott's thought was not deep, if it never soared high, he communicated it directly and without reserve or pretence.

THE GRAY BROTHER

The Pope he was saying the high, high mass,
All on Saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the saints in heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass, 5
And the people kneel'd around,
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kiss'd the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue, 10
While, through vaulted roof, and aisles aloof,
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word he quiver'd for fear,
And falter'd in the sound—
And, when he would the chalice rear, 15
He dropp'd it to the ground.

'The breath of one of evil deed
Pollutes our sacred day;
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say. 20

'A being, whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring;
A wretch, at whose approach abhorr'd,
Recoils each holy thing.

'Up, up, unhappy! haste, arise!
My adjuration fear!
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!'

Amid them all a pilgrim kneel'd,
In gown of sackcloth gray;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so drear,
I ween he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seem'd none more bent to pray;
But, when the Holy Father spoke,
He rose and went his way.

Again unto his native land
His weary course he drew,
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat, 45
Mid Eske's fair woods, regain;
Thro' woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the pilgrim came,
And vassals bent the knee; 50
For all 'mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
Was none more fam'd than he.

And boldly for his country still
In battle he had stood,
Ay, even when on the banks of Till, 55
Her noblest pour'd their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun. 60

There the rapt poet's step may move,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May scorn the tell-tale ray;

From that fair dome, where suit is paid, 65
By blast of bugle free,
To Auchendinny's hazel glade,
And haunted Woodhouselee.

THE GRAY BROTHER

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?

Yet never a path, from day to day,
The pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruin'd grange.

A woful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire;
For nodding to the fall was each crumbling wa
And the roof was scath'd with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While, on Carnethy's head,
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streak'd the gray with red;

And the convent bell did vespers tell,
Newbattle's oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song:

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
Nor ever rais'd his eye,
Until he came to that dreary place, 95
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gaz'd on the walls, so scath'd with fire,
With many a bitter groan—
And there was aware of a Gray Friar,
Resting him on a stone. 100

'Now, Christ thee save!' said the Gray Brother;
'Some pilgrim thou seemest to be.'
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

'O come ye from east, or come ye from west, 105
Or bring reliques from over the sea;
Or come ye from the shrine of St James the divine,
Or St John of Beverly?'—

'I come not from the shrine of St James the divine,
Nor bring reliques from over the sea; 110
I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,
Which for ever will cling to me.'—

'Now, woful pilgrim, say not so!
But kneel thee down by me,
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin, 115
That absolved thou mayst be.'—

‘And who art thou, thou Gray Brother,
 That I should shrive to thee,
 When He, to whom are given the keys of earth and he:
 Has no power to pardon me?’—

‘O I am sent from a distant clime,
 Five thousand miles away,
 And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
 Done *here* ’twixt night and day.’

The pilgrim kneel’d him on the sand,
 And thus began his saye—
 When on his neck an ice-cold hand
 Did that Gray Brother laye.

* * * * *

EXTRACTS FROM THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

I. BRANKSOME HALL

The feast was over in Branksome tower,
 And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;
 Her bower that was guarded by word and by spel
 Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
 Jesu Maria, shield us well!
 No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
 Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;
Knight, and page, and household squire,
Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire:
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

10

15

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all:
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

20

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel:
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night:

25

They lay down to rest,
With corslet laced,
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd.

30

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
 Waited the beck of the warders ten;
 Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
 Stood saddled in stable day and night,
 Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
 And with Jedwood-axe at saddlebow;
 A hundred more fed free in stall:—
 Such was the custom of Branksome hall.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
 Why watch these warriors, arm'd, by night?—
 They watch to hear the blood-hound baying:
 They watch to hear the war-horn braying;
 To see St George's red cross streaming,
 To see the midnight beacon gleaming:
 They watch against Southern force and guile,
 Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
 Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
 From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

Such is the custom of Branksome hall. —

Many a valiant knight is here;
 But he, the chieftain of them all,
 His sword hangs rusting on the wall,
 Beside his broken spear.

Bards long shall tell,
 How Lord Walter fell!
 When startled burghers fled, afar,
 The furies of the Border war;

When the streets of high Dunedin
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell—
Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

Can piety the discord heal, 65
Or stanch the death-feud's enmity?
Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed charity?
No! vainly to each holy shrine,
In mutual pilgrimage, they drew; 70
Implor'd, in vain, the grace divine
For chiefs their own red falchions slew;
While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar, 75
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!

II. MELROSE BY MOONLIGHT

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
Glisten'd with the dew of night;
Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,
But was carv'd in the cloister-arches as fair.
The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon, 5
Then into the night he lookéd forth;

And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadron start,
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

By a steel-clench'd postern door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and small:
The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells were carv'd grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screen'd altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant Chief of Otterburne!
And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale!
O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone, 35
By foliag'd tracery combin'd;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
In many a freakish knot had twin'd;
Then fram'd a spell, when the work was done, 40
And chang'd the willow-wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Show'd many a prophet, and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red 45
Triumphant Michael brandishéd,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moon-beam kiss'd the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

III. THE BALE-FIRE

The ready page, with hurried hand,
Awak'd the need-fire's slumbering brand,
And ruddy blush'd the heaven:
For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,
Wav'd like a blood-flag on the sky, 5
All flaring and uneven;
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen;
Each with warlike tidings fraught,
Each from each the signal caught; 10

Each after each they glanc'd to sight,
 As stars arise upon the night.
 They gleam'd on many a dusky tarn,
 Haunted by the lonely earn;
 On many a cairn's grey pyramid, 1
 Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
 Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
 From Soltra and Dumpender Law,
 And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
 That all should bowne them for the Border. 2

The livelong night in Branksome rang
 The ceaseless sound of steel;
 The castle-bell, with backward clang,
 Sent forth the larum peal;
 Was frequent heard the heavy jar, 2
 Where massy stone and iron bar
 Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
 To whelm the foe with deadly shower;
 Was frequent heard the changing guard,
 And watch-word from the sleepless ward; 3
 While, wearied by the endless din,
 Blood-hound and ban-dog yelled within.

IV. CALEDONIA

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land!

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd, 5
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim; 10
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung, 15
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood, 20
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been, 25
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray, 30
Though none should guide my feeble way;

Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

V. THE SONG OF ALBERT GRÆME

It was an English ladye bright,
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
 For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
 When he shone fair on Carlisle wall;
But they were sad ere day was done,
 Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall; 10
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
 For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
And he swore her death, ere he would see 15
 A Scottish knight the lord of all!

That wine she had not tasted well,
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
When dead in her true love's arms she fell,
 For Love was still the lord of all. 20

He pierc'd her brother to the heart,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall:—
So perish all would true love part,
 That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine, 25
 (Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And died for her sake in Palestine;
 So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,) 30
Pray for their souls who died for love;
 For Love shall still be lord of all.

VI. HAROLD'S SONG

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
 No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

—'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew! 5
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

‘The blackening wave is edg’d with white:
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
 The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

‘Last night the gifted Seer did view
 A wet shroud swath’d round ladye gay;
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?’

‘’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my ladye-mother there,
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

‘’Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
 But that my sire the wine will chide,
 If ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle.’—

O’er Roslin, all that dreary night,
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
 ’Twas broader than the watch-fire’s light,
 And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glar’d on Roslin’s castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
 ’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,
 And seen from cavern’d Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud, 35
 Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire, within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail. 40

Blaz'd battlement and pinnet high,
 Blaz'd every rose-carv'd buttress fair—
 So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
 The lordly line of high St Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold 45
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold—
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St Clair was buried there,
 With candle, with book, and with knell; 50
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

VII. HYMN FOR THE DEAD

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shriveling like a parchéd ser
 The flaming heavens together roll;
 When louder yet, and yet more dre
 Swells the high trump that wakes t

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day
 When man to judgment wakes from
 Be THOU the trembling sinner's sta
 Though heaven and earth shall pas

EXTRACTS FROM MARMION

I. NORHAM CASTLE

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
 And Tweed's fair river, broad and c
 And Cheviot's mountains lone:
 The battled towers, the donjon kee
 The loophole grates, where captives
 The flanking walls that round it sw
 In yellow lustre shone.
 The warriors on the turrets high,
 Moving athwart the evening sky,
 Seem'd forms of giant height:
 Their armour, as it caught the rays
 Flash'd back again the western bla
 In lines of dazzling light.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray, 15
 Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,
 So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search, 20
 The Castle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
 The Warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he paced along, 25
Some ancient Border gathering song.

II. 'THE LORDLY STRAND OF NORTHUMBERLAND'

And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay, 5
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
They mark'd, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods; 10
They pass'd the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant son;

At Coquet-isle their beads they tell
 To the good Saint who own'd the cell.
 Then did the Alne attention claim, 15
 And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
 And next, they cross'd themselves, to hear
 The whitening breakers sound so near,
 Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar,
 On Dunstanborough's cavern'd shore; 20
 Thy tower, proud Bamborough, mark'd they there,
 King Ida's castle, huge and square,
 From its tall rock look grimly down,
 And on the swelling ocean frown;
 Then from the coast they bore away, 2
 And reach'd the Holy Island's bay.

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,
 And girdled in the Saint's domain:
 For, with the flow and ebb, its style
 Varies from continent to isle; 3
 Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
 The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
 Twice every day, the waves efface
 Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace.
 As to the port the galley flew, 3
 Higher and higher rose to view
 The Castle with its battled walls,
 The ancient Monastery's halls,
 A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
 Plac'd on the margin of the isle. 4

III. THE SAINT OF HOLY ISLAND

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail
To vie with these in holy tale;
His body's resting-place, of old,
How oft their patron chang'd, they told;
How, when the rude Dane burn'd their pile, 5
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.

They rested them in fair Melrose: 10

But though, alive, he lov'd it well,
Not there his relics might repose;

For, wondrous tale to tell!

In his stone-coffin forth he rides,

A ponderous bark for river tides, 15

Yet light as gossamer it glides,

Downward to Tilmouth cell.

Nor long was his abiding there,

For southward did the saint repair;

Chester-le-Street, and Rippon, saw 20

His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw

Hail'd him with joy and fear;

And, after many wanderings past,

He chose his lordly seat at last,

Where his cathedral, huge and vast, 25

Looks down upon the Wear.

There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,

His relics are in secret laid;

But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three, 30
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who share that wondrous grace.

Who may his miracles declare!
Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir,
(Although with them they led 35
Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,
And Lodon's knights, all sheath'd in mail,
And the bold men of Teviotdale,)
Before his standard fled.

'Twas he, to vindicate his reign, 40
Edg'd Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
And turn'd the Conqueror back again,
When, with his Norman bowyer band,
He came to waste Northumberland.

But fain St Hilda's nuns would learn 45
If, on a rock, by Lindisfarne,
Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name:
Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
And said they might his shape behold, 50

And hear his anvil sound;
A deaden'd clang,—a huge dim form,
Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm
And night were closing round.

But this, as tale of idle fame, 55
The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

IV. FITZ-EUSTACE'S SONG

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high, 5
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

CHORUS. *Eleu loro*, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day, 10
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever, 15
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!

CHORUS. *Eleu loro*, &c. Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver, 20
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle 25
With groans of the dying.

CHORUS. *Eleu loro*, &c. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the false-hearted;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap, 30
 Ere life be parted.

Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever;
 Blessing shall hallow it
 Never, O never! 35

CHORUS. *Eleu loro, &c.* Never, O never!

V. EDINBURGH FROM BLACKFORD HILL

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
 For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
 When, sated with the martial show
 That peopled all the plain below,
 The wandering eye could o'er it go, 5
 And mark the distant city glow

With gloomy splendour red;
 For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
 That round her sable turrets flow,
 The morning beams were shed, 10
 And ting'd them with a lustre proud,
 Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.

Such dusky grandeur cloth'd the height,
 Where the huge Castle holds its state,
 And all the steep slope down, 15
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,

Pil'd deep and massy, close and high,
 Mine own romantic town!
 But northward far, with purer blaze,
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays, 20
 And, as each heathy top they kiss'd,
 It gleam'd a purple amethyst.
 Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
 Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law;
 And, broad between them roll'd, 25
 The gallant Frith the eye might note,
 Whose islands on its bosom float,
 Like emeralds chas'd in gold.
 Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;
 As if to give his rapture vent, 30
 The spur he to his charger lent,
 And rais'd his bridle hand,
 And, making demi-volte in air,
 Cried, 'Where's the coward would not dare
 To fight for such a land!' 35
 The Lindesay smil'd his joy to see;
 Nor Marmion's frown repress'd his glee.

VI. LOCHINVAR

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
 And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and a
Then spöke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'

'I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, 'Twere better by far, 35
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood
near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung! 40
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran:

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee, 45
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?'

VII. DOUGLAS AND MARMION

Not far advanc'd was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,

Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper'd in an under tone,
'Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.'—
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:—

'Though something I might 'plain,' he said,
'Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,

While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand.'
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
'My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.'

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And 'This to me!' he said,—

‘An ’twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion’s had not spar’d
To cleave the Douglas’ head!

35

And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England’s message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:

And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

40

Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near—
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword)—

I tell thee, thou’rt defied!

45

And, if thou said’st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus, thou hast lied!’

On the Earl’s cheek the flush of rage

50

O’ercame the ashen hue of age:

Fierce he broke forth, ‘And dar’st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?

And hop’st thou hence unscath’d to go?—

55

No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!

Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!

Let the portcullis fall.’

Lord Marmion turn’d,—well was his need,—

And dash’d the rowels in his steed,

60

Like arrow through the archway sprung,

The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, raz'd his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And, when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
'Horse! horse!' the Douglas cried, 'and chase!'
But soon he rein'd his fury's pace:
'A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.—
A letter forg'd! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!
At first in heart it lik'd me ill,
When the King prais'd his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him too,' he cried:
'Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,

I warrant him a warrior tried.' 90
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

VIII. THE ENGLISH ADVANCE AT FLODDEN

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd
The Till by Twisel Bridge. 5
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall;
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree, 10
Troop after troop are disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see,
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till, 15
And, rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march, 20
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,

Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?
—O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry 'Saint Andrew and our right!'
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!
The precious hour has pass'd in vain,
And England's host has gain'd the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden hill.

IX. THE DEATH OF MARMION

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
'Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again! 5
Cry "Marmion to the rescue!"—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England's—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring: 10
Tell him his squadrons up to bring—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down:—my life is reft; 15
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.— 20
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die.'
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan, 25
And half he murmur'd,—'Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,

Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst !'

O Woman ! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran :

Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.

She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew ;
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where rag'd the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.

Where shall she turn !—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.

Above, some half-worn letters say,

**Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and . pray .
For . the . kind . soul . of . Sybil . Grey .
Who . built . this . cross . and . well .**

She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

60

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—
'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,
'Or injur'd Constance, bathes my head?'
Then, as remembrance rose,—
'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.

65

Short space, few words, are mine to spare:
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!'—
'Alas!' she said, 'the while,—
O, think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She—died at Holy Isle.'

70

Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
'Then it was truth,'—he said—'I knew
That the dark presage must be true.
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!

75

80

For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly curs'd my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.'
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear;
For that she ever sung,
*'In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying
So the notes rung;—*
*'Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
O, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O, think on faith and bliss!
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this.'*

The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread, 115
And fir'd his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted 'Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!' 120
Were the last words of Marmion.

EXTRACTS FROM
THE LADY OF THE LAKE

I. INVOCATION

Harp of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,— 5
O minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their accent keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?
Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon, 10
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Arous'd the fearful, or subdued the proud.

At each according pause was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's ma-
less eye.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

II. THE TROSSACHS

The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bath'd in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twin'd the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle;

Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous pil'd on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent, 15
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of Eastern architect. 20
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrop sheen, 25
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Wav'd in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child. 30
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side, 35
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.

With boughs that quak'd at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanc'd,
Where glist'ning streamers wav'd and danc'd,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As serv'd the wild-duck's brood to swim.
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter stray'd,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;

Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea. 70

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made, 75
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd; 80
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand, 85
To sentinel enchanted land.

High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crag, knoll, and mound, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world; 90
A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heav'd high his forehead bare.

III. ELLEN'S SONG

'Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking:
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh or champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.'

She paus'd—then, blushing, led the lay
To grace the stranger of the day.

Her mellow notes awhile prolong
 The cadence of the flowing song,
 Till to her lips in measur'd frame
 The minstrel verse spontaneous came:— 30

'Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
 Sleep! the deer is in his den; 35
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun, 40
 For at dawning to assail ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveillé.'

IV. BOAT SONG

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
 Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
 Heaven send it happy dew, 5
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back agen,
 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!' 10

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on t
mountain,

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.

Moor'd in the rifted rock,

Proof to the tempest's shock,

Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;

Menteith and Breadalbane, then,

Echo his praise agen,

'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen-Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid

Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;

Lennox and Leven-glen

Shake when they hear agen,

'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!

Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!

O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,

Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine!

O that some seedling gem,

Worthy such noble stem,

40

5

IO

15

20

Coronach

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are sear'd
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corrie,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

See Stumah, who, the bier beside,
His master's corpse with wonder eyes

Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
Could send like lightning o'er the dew, 50
Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
As if some stranger step he hears.
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,
But headlong haste, or deadly fear, 55
Urge the precipitate career.
All stand aghast:—unheeding all,
The henchman bursts into the hall;
Before the dead man's bier he stood;
Held forth the Cross besmear'd with blood; 60
'The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!'

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,
Sprung forth and seiz'd the fatal sign.
In haste the stripling to his side 65
His father's dirk and broadsword tied;
But when he saw his mother's eye
Watch him in speechless agony,
Back to her open'd arms he flew,
Press'd on her lips a fond adieu— 70
'Alas!' she sobb'd,—'and yet, be gone,
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!'
One look he cast upon the bier,
Dash'd from his eye the gathering tear,
Breath'd deep to clear his labouring breast, 75
And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,

Then, like the high-bred colt, when, freed,
First he essays his fire and speed,
He vanish'd, and o'er moor and moss
Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.

VI. THE AMBUSCADE

'Have, then, thy wish!' He whistled shrill,
And he was answer'd from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,

As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung, 25
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—'How say'st thou now? 30
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!'

Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
He mann'd himself with dauntless air, 35
Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly plac'd his foot before:—
'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.' 40
Sir Roderick mark'd, and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then wav'd his hand; 45
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low; 50

It seem'd as if their mother Earth
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had toss'd in air
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide:
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

VII. THE RIDE TO STIRLING

'Stand, Bayard, stand!'—The steed obey'd,
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye and quivering ear,
As if he lov'd his lord to hear.
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
No grasp upon the saddle laid,
But wreath'd his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turn'd on the horse his armed heel,
And stirr'd his courage with the steel.
Bounded the fiery steed in air,
The rider sate erect and fair,
Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
Forth launch'd, along the plain they go.
They dash'd that rapid torrent through,
And up Carhonie's hill they flew;

Still at the gallop prick'd the Knight,
 His merry-men follow'd as they might.
 Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
 And in the race they mock thy tide; 20
 Torry and Lendrick now are past,
 And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
 They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,
 They sink in distant woodland soon;
 Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire, 25
 They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre;
 They mark just glance and disappear
 The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
 They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
 Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides, 30
 And on the opposing shore take ground,
 With splash, with scramble, and with bound.
 Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!
 And soon the bulwark of the North,
 Grey Stirling, with her towers and town, 35
 Upon their fleet career look'd down.

VIII. ALLAN-BANE'S LAMENT

And art thou cold and lowly laid,
 Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
 Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!
 For thee shall none a requiem say?
 For thee, who lov'd the minstrel's lay, 5
 For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,

The shelter of her exil'd line,
E'en in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

What groans shall yonder valleys fill!
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine,
O woe for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prison'd eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long belov'd in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honour'd Pine.

IX. LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN

My hawk is tir'd of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.

I wish I were, as I have been, 5
 Hunting the hart in forest green,
 With bended bow and bloodhound free,
 For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time
 From yon deep steeple's drowsy chime, 10
 Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
 Inch after inch, along the wall.
 The lark was wont my matins ring,
 The sable rook my vespers sing;
 These towers, although a king's they be, 15
 Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning sun I rise,
 And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
 Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
 And homeward wend with evening dew; 20
 A blithesome welcome proudly meet,
 And lay my trophies at her feet,
 While fled the eve on wing of glee,
 That life is lost to love and me!

X. FAREWELL

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
 In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
 The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.

Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp,
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way
Through secret woes the world has never known
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.
That I outlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has wak'd thy string!
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well

I. DAWN AND SUNRISE

What prospects, from his watch-tower high,
Gleam gradual on the warder's eye!— 20
Far sweeping to the east, he sees
Down his deep woods the course of Tees,
And tracks his wanderings by the steam
Of summer vapours from the stream;

And ere he pac'd his destin'd hour
By Brackenbury's dungeon-tower,
These silver mists shall melt away,
And dew the woods with glittering spray.
Then in broad lustre shall be shown
That mighty trench of living stone,
And each huge trunk that, from the side,
Reclines him o'er the darksome tide,
Where Tees, full many a fathom low,
Wears with his rage no common foe;
For pebbly bank nor sand-bed here,
Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,
Condemn'd to mine a channell'd way
O'er solid sheets of marble grey.

Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright,
Shall rush upon the ravish'd sight;
But many a tributary stream
Each from its own dark dell shall gleam:
Staindrop, who, from her silvan bowers,
Salutes proud Raby's battled towers;
The rural brook of Egliston,
And Balder, nam'd from Odin's son;
And Greta, to whose banks ere long
We lead the lovers of the song;
And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,
And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,
And last and least, but loveliest still,
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.

Who in that dim-wood glen hath stray'd,
Yet long'd for Roslin's magic glade?
Who, wandering there, hath sought to change 55
Even for that vale so stern and strange,
Where Cartland's Crag, fantastic rent,
Through her green copse like spires are sent?
Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine,
Thy scenes and story to combine! 60
Thou bid'st him, who by Roslin strays,
List to the deeds of other days;
'Mid Cartland's Crag thou show'st the cave,
The refuge of thy champion brave;
Giving each rock its storied tale, 65
Pouring a lay for every dale,
Knitting, as with a moral band,
Thy native legends with thy land,
To lend each scene the interest high
Which genius beams from Beauty's eye. 70

II. EDMUND'S SONGS

(I)

O, Brignal banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.

And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
 Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
 Was singing merrily,—
‘O, Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green;
I’d rather rove with Edmund there,
 Than reign our English queen.’

‘If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
 To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
 That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
 As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
 As blithe as Queen of May.’
Yet sung she, ‘Brignal banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are green;
I’d rather rove with Edmund there,
 Than reign our English queen.

I read you, by your bugle-horn,
 And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
 To keep the king’s greenwood’—
‘A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
 And ’tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
 And mine at dead of night.’

Yet sung she, 'Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;

I would I were with Edmund there, 35
To reign his Queen of May!

With burnish'd brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,

I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum.'— 40

'I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;

But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

And O! though Brignal banks be fair, 45
And Greta woods be gay,

Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May!

Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die; 50

The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!

And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,

What once we were we all forget, 55
Nor think what we are now.

Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,

And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.' 60

(2)

'A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine!
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine!
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
 No more of me you knew,
My love!
 No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain;
 But she shall bloom in winter snow,
 Ere we two meet again.'
 He turn'd his charger as he spake,
 Upon the river shore,
 He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
 Said, 'Adieu for evermore,
My love!
 Adieu for evermore.

(3)

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
 Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
 Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.

Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale! 5
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame; 10
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord, 15
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she ask'd of his household and home: 20
'Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall,' quoth bold Allen, 'shows gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!' said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone; 25
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry:
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale! 30

III. THORSGILL

When Denmark's raven soar'd on high,
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,
Till, hovering near, her fatal croak
Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke,
And the broad shadow of her wing
Blacken'd each cataract and spring,
Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,
Thundering o'er Caldron and High-Force;
Beneath the shade the Northmen came,
Fix'd on each vale a Runic name,
Rear'd high their altar's rugged stone,
And gave their gods the land they won.
Then, Balder, one bleak garth was thine,
And one sweet brooklet's silver line,
And Woden's Croft did title gain
From the stern Father of the Slain;
But to the Monarch of the Mace,
That held in fight the foremost place,
To Odin's son, and Sifia's spouse,
Near Stratforth high they paid their vows,
Remember'd Thor's victorious fame,
And gave the dell the Thunderer's name.

Yet Scald or Kemper err'd, I ween,
Who gave that soft and quiet scene,
With all its varied light and shade,
And every little sunny glade,

And the blithe brook that strolls along
Its pebbled bed with summer song,
To the grim God of blood and scar,
The grisly King of Northern War. 30
O, better were its banks assign'd
To spirits of a gentler kind!
For where the thicket-groups recede,
And the rath primrose decks the mead,
The velvet grass seems carpet meet 35
For the light fairies' lively feet.
Yon tufted knoll, with daisies strown,
Might make proud Oberon a throne,
While, hidden in the thicket nigh,
Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly; 40
And where profuse the wood-vetch clings
Round ash and elm, in verdant rings,
Its pale and azure-pencill'd flower
Should canopy Titania's bower.

Here rise no cliffs the vale to shade; 45
But, skirting every sunny glade,
In fair variety of green
The woodland lends its silvan screen.
Hoary, yet haughty, frowns the oak,
Its boughs by weight of ages broke; 50
And towers erect, in sable spire,
The pine-tree scath'd by lightning-fire;
The drooping ash and birch, between,
Hang their fair tresses o'er the green,

And all beneath, at random grow,
Each coppice dwarf of varied show,
Or, round the stems profusely twin'd,
Fling summer odours on the wind.
Such varied group Urbino's hand
Round Him of Tarsus nobly plann'd,
What time he bade proud Athens own
On Mars's Mount the God Unknown!
Then grey Philosophy stood nigh,
Though bent by age, in spirit high:
There rose the scar-seam'd veteran's spear,
There Grecian Beauty bent to hear,
While Childhood at her foot was plac'd,
Or clung delighted to her waist.

IV. EVENING

The sultry summer day is done,
The western hills have hid the sun,
But mountain peak and village spire
Retain reflection of his fire.
Old Barnard's towers are purple still,
To those that gaze from Toller-hill;
Distant and high, the tower of Bowes
Like steel upon the anvil glows;
And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay,
Rich with the spoils of parting day,
In crimson and in gold array'd,
Streaks yet awhile the closing shade,

Then slow resigns to darkening heaven
The tints which brighter hours had given.
Thus aged men, full loth and slow, 15
The vanities of life forego,
And count their youthful follies o'er,
Till Memory lends her light no more.

The eve, that slow on upland fades,
Has darker clos'd on Rokeby's glades, 20
Where, sunk within their banks profound,
Her guardian streams to meeting wound.
The stately oaks, whose sombre frown
Of noontide made a twilight brown,
Impervious now to fainter light, 25
Of twilight make an early night.
Hoarse into middle air arose
The vespers of the roosting crows,
And with congenial murmurs seem
To wake the Genii of the stream; 30
For louder clamour'd Greta's tide,
And Tees in deeper voice replied,
And fitful wak'd the evening wind,
Fitful in sighs its breath resign'd.

EXTRACTS FROM
THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN

I. THE MAGIC CASTLE

Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But, midmost of the vale, a mound
Arose with airy turrets crown'd,
Buttress, and rampire's circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower;
Seem'd some primeval giant's hand
The castle's massive walls had plann'd,
A ponderous bulwark to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power.
Above the moated entrance slung,
The balanc'd drawbridge trembling hung,
As jealous of a foe;
Wicket of oak, as iron hard,
With iron studded, clench'd, and barr'd,
And prong'd portcullis, join'd to guard
The gloomy pass below.
But the grey walls no banners crown'd,
Upon the watch-tower's airy round
No warder stood his horn to sound,
No guard beside the bridge was found,
And, where the Gothic gateway frown'd,
Glanc'd neither bill nor bow.

Beneath the castle's gloomy pride
 In ample round did Arthur ride
 Three times; nor living thing he spied,
 Nor heard a living sound,
 Save that, awakening from her dream,
 The owlet now began to scream,
 In concert with the rushing stream,
 That wash'd the battled mound.
 He lighted from his goodly steed,
 And he left him to graze on bank and mead;
 And slowly he climb'd the narrow way,
 That reach'd the entrance grim and grey,
 And he stood the outward arch below,
 And his bugle-horn prepar'd to blow,
 In summons blithe and bold,
 Deeming to rouse from iron sleep
 The guardian of this dismal Keep,
 Which well be guess'd the hold
 Of wizard stern, or goblin grim,
 Or pagan of gigantic limb,
 The tyrant of the wold.

The ivory bugle's golden tip
 Twice touch'd the Monarch's manly lip,
 And twice his hand withdrew.
 —Think not but Arthur's heart was good,
 His shield was cross'd by the blessed rood,
 Had a pagan host before him stood,
 He had charg'd them through and through;

Yet the silence of that ancient place
Sunk on his heart, and he paus'd a space
Ere yet his horn he blew.

But, instant as its 'larum rung,
The castle gate was open flung,
Portcullis rose with crashing groan
Full harshly up its groove of stone;
The balance-beams obey'd the blast,
And down the trembling drawbridge cast;
The vaulted arch before him lay,
With nought to bar the gloomy way,
And onward Arthur pac'd, with hand
On Caliburn's resistless brand.

II. THE ENCHANTED GOBLET

At dawn of morn, ere on the brake
His matins did a warbler make,
Or stirr'd his wing to brush away
A single dewdrop from the spray,
Ere yet a sunbeam, through the mist,
The castle-battlements had kiss'd,
The gates revolve, the drawbridge falls,
And Arthur sallies from the walls.
Doff'd his soft garb of Persia's loom,
And steel from spur to helmet-plume,
His Lybian steed full proudly trode,
And joyful neigh'd beneath his load.

The Monarch gave a passing sigh
To penitence and pleasures by,
When, lo! to his astonish'd ken
Appear'd the form of Guendolen.

Beyond the outmost wall she stood,
Attir'd like huntress of the wood:
Sandall'd her feet, her ankles bare,
And eagle-plumage deck'd her hair;
Firm was her look, her bearing bold,
And in her hand a cup of gold.

'Thou goest!' she said, 'and ne'er again
Must we two meet, in joy or pain.
Full fain would I this hour delay,
Though weak the wish—yet, wilt thou stay?
—No! thou look'st forward. Still, attend,—
Part we like lover and like friend.'

She rais'd the cup—'Not this the juice
The sluggish vines of earth produce;
Pledge we, at parting, in the draught
Which Genii love!'—She said, and quaff'd;
And strange unwonted lustres fly
From her flush'd cheek and sparkling eye.

The courteous Monarch bent him low,
And, stooping down from saddlebow,
Lifted the cup, in act to drink.
A drop escap'd the goblet's brink—
Intense as liquid fire from hell,
Upon the charger's neck it fell.

Screaming with agony and fright,
He bolted twenty feet upright!
The peasant still can show the dint,
Where his hoofs lighted on the flint.
From Arthur's hand the goblet flew,
Scattering a shower of fiery dew,
That burn'd and blighted where it fell!
The frantic steed rush'd up the dell,
As whistles from the bow the reed;
Nor bit nor rein could check his speed,
 Until he gain'd the hill;
Then breath and sinew fail'd apace,
And, reeling from the desperate race,
 He stood, exhausted, still.
The Monarch, breathless and amaz'd,
Back on the fatal castle gaz'd:
Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,
Darkening against the morning sky;
But, on the spot where once they frown'd,
The lonely streamlet brawl'd around
A tufted knoll, where dimly shone
Fragments of rock and rifted stone.

III. THE DEFENCELESS BORDER

Bewcastle now must keep the Hold,
 Speir-Adam's steeds must bide in stall,
Of Harley-burn the bowmen bold
 Must only shoot from battled wall;

And Liddesdale may buckle spur, 5
 And Teviot now may belt the brand,
 Taras and Ewes keep nightly stir,
 And Eskdale foray Cumberland.
 Of wasted fields and plunder'd flocks
 The Borderers bootless may complain; 10
 They lack the sword of brave de Vaux,
 There comes no aid from Triermain.
 That lord, on high adventure bound,
 Hath wander'd forth alone,
 And day and night keeps watchful round 15
 In the valley of Saint John.

EXTRACTS FROM
 THE LORD OF THE ISLES

I. AUTUMN ON TWEEDSIDE

Autumn departs; but still his mantle's fold
 Rests on the groves of noble Somerville;
 Beneath a shroud of russet dropp'd with gold
 Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
 Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill, 5
 Yet lingering notes of silvan music swell,
 The deep-ton'd cushat, and the redbreast shrill;
 And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
 When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell.

Autumn departs; from Gala's fields no more 10
 Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;
 Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it o'er,

No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,
And harvest-home hath hush'd the clanging wai
On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,
Some age-struck wanderer gleans few ears of sca
grain.

Deem'st thou these sadden'd scenes have pleasure
Lov'st thou through Autumn's fading realms to :
To see the heath-flower wither'd on the hill,
To listen to the wood's expiring lay,
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
To mark the last bright tints the mountain stain,
On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,
And moralize on mortal joy and pain?
O! if such scenes thou lov'st, scorn not the minstrel sti

No! do not scorn, although its hoarser note
Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie,
Though faint its beauties as the tints remote
That gleam through mist in autumn's evening sky,
And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry,
When wild November hath his bugle wound:
Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,
Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest bound,
Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest foun

So shalt thou list, and haply not unmov'd,
To a wild tale of Albyn's warrior day;

In distant lands, by the rough West reprov'd,
Still live some relics of the ancient lay. 40
For, when on Coolin's hills the lights decay,
With such the Seer of Skye the eve beguiles;
'Tis known amid the pathless wastes of Reay,
In Harries known, and in Iona's piles,
Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles. 45

II. THE BROOCH OF LORN

Whence the brooch of burning gold,
That clasps the Chieftain's mantle-fold,
Wrought and chas'd with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,
On the varied tartans beaming, 5
As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming,
Fainter now, now seen afar,
Fitful shines the northern star?

Gem! ne'er wrought on Highland mountain,
Did the fairy of the fountain, 10
Or the mermaid of the wave
Frame thee in some coral cave?
Did, in Iceland's darksome mine,
Dwarf's swart hands thy metal twine?
Or, mortal-moulded, com'st thou here 15
From England's love, or France's fear?

No!—thy splendours nothing tell
Foreign art or faëry spell.

Moulded thou for monarch's use,
By the overweening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
O'er a heart of wrath and pride;
Thence in triumph wert thou torn,
By the victor hand of Lorn!

When the gem was won and lost,
Widely was the war-cry toss'd!
Rung aloud Bendourish fell,
Answer'd Douchart's sounding dell,
Fled the deer from wild Teyndrum,
When the homicide, o'ercome,
Hardly 'scap'd with scathe and scorn,
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn!

Vain was then the Douglas brand,
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand,
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work;
Barendown fled fast away,
Fled the fiery De la Haye,
When this brooch, triumphant borne,
Beam'd upon the breast of Lorn.

Farthest fled its former Lord,
Left his men to brand and cord,
Bloody brand of Highland steel,
English gibbet, axe, and wheel.

Let him fly from coast to coast, 45
Dogg'd by Comyn's vengeful ghost,
While his spoils, in triumph worn,
Long shall grace victorious Lorn!

III. LOCH CORUIISK

With Bruce and Ronald bides the tale.
To favouring winds they gave the sail,
Till Mull's dark headlands scarce they knew,
And Ardnamurchan's hills were blue.
But then the squalls blew close and hard, 5
And, fain to strike the galley's yard,
And take them to the oar,
With these rude seas, in weary plight,
They strove the livelong day and night,
Nor till the dawning had a sight 10
Of Skye's romantic shore.
Where Coolin stoops him to the west,
They saw upon his shiver'd crest
The sun's arising gleam;
But such the labour and delay, 15
Ere they were moor'd in Scavigh bay,
(For calmer heaven compell'd to stay,)
He shot a western beam.
Then Ronald said, 'If true mine eye,
These are the savage wilds that lie 20
North of Strathnardill and Dunskey;
No human foot comes here,

And, since these adverse breezes blow,
If my good Liege love hunter's bow,
What hinders that on land we go, 2.

And strike a mountain-deer?
Allan, my page, shall with us wend;
A bow full deftly can he bend,
And, if we meet a herd, may send
A shaft shall mend our cheer.' 3'

Then each took bow and bolts in hand,
Their row-boat launch'd and leapt to land,
And left their skiff and train,
Where a wild stream, with headlong shock,
Came brawling down its bed of rock, 3'
To mingle with the main.

Awhile their route they silent made,
As men who stalk for mountain-deer,
Till the good Bruce to Ronald said,
'St Mary! what a scene is here! 4'

I've travers'd many a mountain-strand,
Abroad and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led;
Thus, many a waste I've wander'd o'er, 4'
Clombe many a crag, cross'd many a moor,

But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,

Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press, 50
Where'er I happ'd to roam.'

No marvel thus the Monarch spake;
For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone. 55
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shatter'd way
Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss, 60
Tells of the outrage still.

The wildest glen, but this, can show
Some touch of Nature's genial glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe, 65
And copse on Cruchan-Ben;
But here,—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power, 70

The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew, 75
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side.

And wilder, forward as they wound,

Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.
Huge terraces of granite black }
Afforded rude and cumber'd track;
For, from the mountain hoar,
Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear,
When yell'd the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er; }
And some, chance-pois'd and balanc'd, lay,
So that a stripling arm might sway
A mass no host could raise,
In Nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone }
On its precarious base.
The evening mists, with ceaseless change,
Now cloth'd the mountains' lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare,
And round the skirts their mantle furl'd, }
Or on the sable waters curl'd,
Or on the eddy breezes whirl'd,
Dispers'd in middle air.
And oft, condens'd, at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower }
Pours like a torrent down,
And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown.

'This lake,' said Bruce, 'whose barriers drear }
Are precipices sharp and sheer,
Yielding no track for goat or deer,

Save the black shelves we tread,
How term you its dark waves? and how
Yon northern mountain's pathless brow, 110
And yonder peak of dread,
That to the evening sun uplifts
The griesly gulfs and slaty rifts,
Which seam its shiver'd head? '
'Coriskin call the dark lake's name, 115
Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,
From old Cuchullin, chief of fame.
But bards, familiar in our isles
Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles,
Full oft their careless humours please 120
By sportive names from scenes like these.
I would old Torquil were to show
His maidens with their breasts of snow,
Or that my noble Liege were nigh
To hear his Nurse sing lullaby! 125
(The Maids—tall cliffs with breakers white,
The Nurse—a torrent's roaring might,)
Or that your eye could see the mood
Of Corryvrekin's whirlpool rude,
When dons the Hag her whiten'd hood! 130
'Tis thus our islesmen's fancy frames,
For scenes so stern, fantastic names.'

IV. THE VOYAGE TO ARRAN

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard fam'd Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturb'd repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And welter'd in that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
A Minster to her Maker's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolong'd and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,

That Nature's voice might seem to say,
 'Well hast thou done, frail Child of clay!
 Thy humble powers that stately shrine
 Task'd high and hard—but witness mine!'

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.

They left Loch-Tua on their lee,
And they waken'd the men of the wild Tiree,
 And the chief of the sandy Coll;
They paus'd not at Columba's isle,
Though peal'd the bells from the holy pile 40

With long and measur'd toll;
No time for matin or for mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons pass
Away in the billows' roll.

Lochbuie's fierce and warlike Lord
Their signal saw, and grasp'd his sword,
And verdant Ilay call'd her host,
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast

Lord Ronald's call obey,
And Scarba's isle, whose tortur'd shore
Still rings to Corrievreken's roar,
And lonely Colonsay;

—Scenes sung by him who sings no more!
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains; 55

Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That lov'd the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has LEYDEN's cold remains!

V. THE DEATH OF ARGENTINE

Again he fac'd the battle-field,—
Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.
'Now then,' he said, and couch'd his spear,
'My course is run, the goal is near;
One effort more, one brave career,
Must close this race of mine.'
Then in his stirrups rising high,
He shouted loud his battle-cry,
'Saint James for Argentine!'
And, of the bold pursuers, four
The gallant knight from saddle bore;
But not unharm'd—a lance's point
Has found his breast-plate's loosen'd joint,
An axe has raz'd his crest;
Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,
Who press'd the chase with gory sword,
He rode with spear in rest,
And through his bloody tartans bor'd,
And through his gallant breast.
Nail'd to the earth, the mountaineer
Yet writh'd him up against the spear,
And swung his broadsword round!

—Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave way,
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway,
The blood gush'd from the wound; 25
And the grim Lord of Colonsay
Hath turn'd him on the ground,
And laugh'd in death-pang, that his blade
The mortal thrust so well repaid.

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle done, 30
To use his conquest nobly won;
And gave command for horse and spear
To press the Southern's scatter'd rear,
Nor let his broken force combine,
When the war-cry of Argentine 35
Fell faintly on his ear;
'Save, save his life,' he cried, 'O save
The kind, the noble, and the brave!'
The squadrons round free passage gave,
The wounded knight drew near; 40
He rais'd his red-cross shield no more,
Helm, cuish, and breast-plate stream'd with gore;
Yet, as he saw the King advance,
He strove even then to couch his lance—
The effort was in vain! 45
The spur-stroke fail'd to rouse the horse;
Wounded and weary, in mid-course
He stumbled on the plain.
Then foremost was the generous Bruce
To raise his head, his helm to loose:— 50
'Lord Earl, the day is thine!

My Sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,
Have made our meeting all too late:

Yet this may Argentine,
As boon from ancient comrade, crave—
A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave.'

Bruce press'd his dying hand—its grasp
Kindly replied; but, in his clasp,

It stiffen'd and grew cold.

'And, O farewell!' the victor cried,

'Of chivalry the flower and pride,

The arm in battle bold,

The courteous mien, the noble race,

The stainless faith, the manly face!—

Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,

For late-wake of De Argentine.

O'er better knight on death-bier laid,

Torch never gleam'd, nor mass was said!'

HELLVELLYN

I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,

Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty a
wide;

All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,

And starting around me the echoes replied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn w
bending,

And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,

One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,

When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer die

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain-
heather,

Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay, 10
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-lov'd remains of her master defended, 15
And chas'd the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind wav'd his garment, how oft didst thou
start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart? 20
And, oh, was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him,—
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,—
Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded, 25
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are
gleaming;
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming, 31
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lam
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in statu
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

THE PALMER

'O, open the door, some pity to show,
Keen blows the northern wind!
The glen is white with the drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.

'No outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the King's deer,
Though even an outlaw's wretched state
Might claim compassion here.

'A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
I wander for my sin;
O, open, for Our Lady's sake!
A pilgrim's blessing win!

'I'll give you pardons from the Pope,
And reliques from o'er the sea;—
Or if for these you will not ope,
Yet open for charity.

‘The hare is crouching in her form,
The hart beside the hind;
An aged man, amid the storm,
No shelter can I find.

20

‘You hear the Ettrick’s sullen roar,
Dark, deep, and strong is he,
And I must ford the Ettrick o’er,
Unless you pity me.

‘The iron gate is bolted hard,
At which I knock in vain;
The owner’s heart is closer barr’d,
Who hears me thus complain.

25

‘Farewell, farewell! and Mary grant,
When old and frail you be,
You never may the shelter want,
That’s now denied to me.’

30

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain;
But oft amid December’s storm,
He’ll hear that voice again:

35

For lo, when through the vapours dank,
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer welter’d there.

40

HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the banks are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
'Welcome, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd
You shall see him brought to bay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

HUNTING SONG

89

Louder, louder chant the lay, 25
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk; 30
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

THE SPINDLE SONG

Twist ye, twine ye! even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning, 5
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild, and follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchang'd for pain; 10
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle.
Twist ye, twine ye! even so 15
Mingle human bliss and woe.

ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE, 1692

‘O tell me, Harper, wherefore flow
The wayward notes of wail and woe,
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp’st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun-deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle, that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?’—

‘No, not to these, for they have rest,—
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treach’rous cruelty.

‘Their flag was furl’d, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.
His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE, 1692 91

‘The hand that mingled in the meal, 25
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host’s kind breast to feel
 Meed for his hospitality!
The friendly hearth that warm’d that hand,
At midnight arm’d it with the brand, 30
That bade destruction’s flames expand
 Their red and fearful blazonry.

‘Then woman’s shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy’s unpitied plain,
More than the warrior’s groan, could gain 35
 Respite from ruthless butchery!
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that cloak’d the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
 Far more than Southern clemency. 40

‘Long have my harp’s best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
 Their grey-hair’d master’s misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel string, 45
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
 “Revenge for blood and treachery!”’

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

‘Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?

Why weep ye by the tide?

I’ll wed ye to my youngest son,

And ye sall be his bride:

And ye sall be his bride, ladie,

Sae comely to be seen’—

But aye she loot the tears down fa’

For Jock of Hazeldean.

‘Now let this wilfu’ grief be done,

And dry that cheek so pale;

Young Frank is chief of Errington,

And lord of Langley-dale;

His step is first in peaceful ha’,

His sword in battle keen’—

But aye she loot the tears down fa’

For Jock of Hazeldean.

‘A chain of gold ye sall not lack,

Nor bracd to bind your hair;

Nor mettled hound, nor manag’d hawk,

Nor palfrey fresh and fair;

And you, the foremost o’ them a’,

Shall ride our forest qucen’—

But aye she loot the tears down fa’

For Jock of Hazeldean.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

93

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide, 25
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen! 30
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away, 5
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky, 10
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and 15
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
Flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
Bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadwords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward, each man, set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

REBECCA'S HYMN

When Israel, of the Lord belov'd,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her mov'd,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonish'd lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow;
 By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
 Return'd the fiery column's glow.

5

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

10

15

But present still, though now unseen !
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light !

20

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
 But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams I will not prize;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

COUNTY GUY

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
 The sun has left the lea,
 The orange flower perfumes the bower,
 The breeze is on the sea.
 The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,
 Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
 Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,
 But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
 Her shepherd's suit to hear;
 To beauty shy, by lattice high,
 Sings high-born Cavalier.
 The star of Love, all stars above,
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
 And high and low the influence know—
 But where is County Guy?

NOTES

THE GRAY BROTHER

This example of Scott's early ballad poetry appeared with other 'Imitations of the Ancient Ballad' in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802-3). Up to the publication of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* his original poetry, which began in free adaptations of the German romantic poetry of the day, consisted of ballads turning upon mysterious and supernatural incidents. *The Gray Brother*, left unfinished, was founded upon a tradition of the neighbourhood of Scott's country residence at Lasswade, Midlothian. Heron, the lord of the barony of Gilmerton, avenged himself upon the guilty love of his daughter and the abbot of Newbattle by setting fire to the grange of Gilmerton and burning the lovers to death.

1. **the high, high mass]** The sing-song repetition of epithets is an effective trick of the ballad.

2. **Saint Peter's day]** 29 June, the feast of the apostles St Peter and St Paul. The scene is supposed to take place in the church of St Peter at Rome, the chief of the ancient basilicas of the city.

13. **the holiest word]** The words of consecration in the canon of the mass.

19. Scott cites examples of the disturbance of religious duties by the presence of unhallowed persons from the life of the seventeenth century Cameronian preacher, Alexander Peden, and quotes the ancient legend of Medea, whose presence in Athens, after her banishment from Corinth, hindered the priest of Artemis from the performance of his sacred rites.

43. **Lothian]** See note on l. 19, p. 110 below.

44. **Pentland's mountains]** The Pentland hills are southwest of Edinburgh. One of the highest summits, Carnethy hill, is mentioned in l. 82 below.

46. **Eske's fair woods]** The North Esk flows north-east through the centre of Midlothian and, after joining the South Esk near Dalkeith, enters the firth of Forth at Musselburgh. 'the whole,' says Scott, 'no stream in Scotland can boast a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as the most romantic and beautiful scenery.'

62. **yield the muse the day]** The darkness of the world contrasted with the daylight of poetic fancy which they in

66. **blast of bugle]** The owners of Penicuik held their title from the Crown of Scotland by meeting the king, whenever he came to hunt on the Borough muir near Edinburgh, at a stone called the Hare Stone and winding three blasts on a horn. The Clerks of Penicuik bear as their motto the words 'Freedom blast.' Penicuik house, the 'fair dome' of l. 65, was built in 1690.

67. **Auchendinny]** Near Penicuik. When Scott wrote this place was the residence of Henry Mackenzie (1745-1831), famous as the author of *The Man of Feeling* (1771).

68. **haunted Woodhouselee]** Woodhouselee castle was the seat of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who murdered the Duke of Moray at Linlithgow in 1569-70. This act of revenge was occasioned by Moray's expulsion of Hamilton from his estate. James Bellenden, to whom Woodhouselee had been granted, returned Hamilton's wife into the fields on a cold night, where she went mad. Scott's ballad *Cadyow Castle* deals with Hamilton's revenge.

69. **Melville]** Melville castle, between Lasswade and Dalkeith.

70. **Roslin]** See introd. note, p. 112 below.

71. **Dalkeith]** Dalkeith palace, the chief seat of Scott's grandfather and 'chieftain,' the duke of Buccleuch.

72. **classic Hawthornden]** See note on l. 32, p. 113 above. The classic memory of Hawthornden is the visit of Ben Jonson to its owner, the poet William Drummond.

76. **Burndale's ruin'd grange]** The grange of Gilmerton was the scene of the tragedy mentioned in introd. note above.

82. **Carnethy's head]** See note on l. 44, p. 97 above.

86. **Newbattle]** The Cistercian abbey of Newbattle (Newbottle, i.e. the new house), near Dalkeith, was founded by king David I in 1140. Part of the buildings are included in the house upon the site, which belongs to the marquess of Lothian.

99. **a Gray Friar]** A friar of the order of St Francis, the habit of which was gray. Dominicans were similarly known as Black friars and Carmelites as White friars.

103. **Lord Albert]** The pilgrim is of course the guilty Heron, whose Christian name Scott brings in abruptly.

107. **St James the divine]** The relics of St James the Great were preserved at Santiago de Compostela in Spain, a famous place of pilgrimage.

108. **St John of Beverly]** John, bishop of Hexham 687 and of York 705-18, founded a monastery at a place called Inderawuda near Beverley, where he died in 721. As St John of Beverley, he was one of the most famous saints of the north, and his standard, with those of St Peter, St Cuthbert and St Wilfrid, the patron saints of York, Durham and Ripon, was carried upon a car at the battle of Northallerton in 1138, as the sacred ensign of the English army.

115. **shrive]** Confess. The word is used also for 'to absolve' from the point of view of the priest.

128. The story breaks off here; but it is evident that the gray brother is a fiend in disguise, come to claim the soul of the pilgrim for his unpardonable sin.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Scott's 'first claim to be considered as an original author,' was published in 1805. Its origin was the request of Harriet, countess of Dalkeith, the wife of Charles William Scott, afterwards fourth duke of Buccleuch, that Scott would write a ballad upon the legend of Gilpin Horner, the goblin page. Scott's first attempt gradually developed into a narrative in verse, to the main plot of which the incident of the goblin is accessory.

The story is a romance of the Scottish border, founded upon

Scott's unrivalled knowledge of its actual and legendary history which had been gained in his researches for his collection of Scottish border-minstrelsy and was fortified by his wide reading in the romantic literature of the middle ages and the Renaissance. As a frame to his poem, he invented the episode of the visit of the last survivor of the wandering bards of the border to Newcastle on the Yarrow water, near Selkirk, where he sings to a harp an old story of border feuds, in the presence of Anne, the duchess of Buccleuch (d. 1692), the widow of the unfortunate duke of Monmouth. The scene of his story is laid about the year 1553, not long after the murder of Sir Walter Scott, one of the ancestors of the dukes of Buccleuch, in Edinburgh. The murderer's daughter Margaret is in love with Henry Cranstoun, who is involved in the blood-feud of the family; and her mother, who is skilled in magic, hears a dialogue between the spirits of a flood and fell, prophesying the end of the quarrel in the marriage of the pair. She endeavours to forestall the decree of Fate by sending William of Deloraine, one of the vassals of the house, to fetch a book of magic from the tomb of the wizard Michael in the abbey church of Melrose. As he returns with the book, he meets Cranstoun coming from a secret interview with Margaret Scott and is wounded in a single combat. Cranstoun escapes while his goblin page, left to tend Deloraine, discovers the book and learns from it a charm which enables him to cast a glamour over the sight of all round him, so that he can pursue his design unrecognised. Under protection of this spell, he takes the wounded Deloraine back to Branxholm tower and entices the young heir of Buccleuch into the forest outside the castle. The boy is taken prisoner by a party of English raiders from Cumberland, under command of Lord Dacre, the warden of the marches; while the page assumes the boy's form and plays various chievous tricks at Branxholm. When the news of the raid is learned from the beacon-fires lighted on the surrounding hills, the lady of the castle orders her supposed son to go out with his knights; but the goblin, fearing that her magic will penetrate his disguise, feigns cowardice and is sent, under charge of the a

Wat Tinlinn, to take shelter in the wilds of Buccleuch. On the way he is compelled, at a running stream, a sure antidote to witchcraft, to take his own shape and escapes, not without a wound from Tinlinn's arrow. Meanwhile, Dacre and his fellow warden, lord William Howard, appear before Branxholm with the captive heir and demand the surrender of Deloraine for an outrage committed on the Musgraves in time of truce, threatening, in case of refusal, to send the boy as a hostage to England. The lady answers by demanding the trial of Deloraine's innocence by single combat between him or his champion and the injured Musgrave. As the English learn that their way to Cumberland is cut off by a superior Scottish force, Howard accepts the offer. The combat is fixed for the morrow, a truce is called, and both hostile forces are entertained in the castle, together with the relieving band of Scots, among whom is Cranstoun, disguised by his page's art as a knight from Hermitage castle in Liddesdale. He assumes secretly the armour of the wounded Deloraine, whom the lady is restoring to health by a course of magical treatment, impersonates him in the combat, kills Musgrave and restores the heir to his mother. At the end of the fight Deloraine appears and chivalrously laments his fallen foe, whose body is taken back to Cumberland by Dacre, an unwilling witness of the truce. Howard's party remains to celebrate the betrothal of Margaret to Cranstoun, in which the lady, recognising her powerlessness to avert Fate, acquiesces. At the banquet which follows the English and Scottish bards entertain the company with their ballads, while the goblin page, still in possession of Michael Scott's book, supplies an undercurrent of malice and mischief. At the close, however, a sudden darkness falls on the hall and, in a flash of lightning seen far and wide, Michael Scott, whose form is seen by Deloraine alone, summons the page, who disappears. The end of the poem describes the penances and pilgrimages undertaken by the partakers in the feud and a Requiem mass for Michael Scott's soul at Melrose.

For the irregular rhymed metre of the poem and its origin see the introduction to this volume.

I. BRANKSOME HALL

1. **Branksome tower]** The tower of Branksome or Egholm is on the left bank of the Teviot, three miles above Haddington. The barony of Branksome was acquired by the Scotts of Buccleuch early in the fifteenth century, and the 'tower,' or rather those fortified houses which are common in the neighbourhood of the English and Scottish border, became their chief place of residence.

2. **the Ladye]** Janet Bethune (Beaton), the widow of Walter Scott (see note on l. 58 below). Scott mentions that her reputation for witchcraft led to the supposition that she was one of the instigators of the murder of Darnley in 1567.

bower] The medieval house had two main living-rooms: the hall or common meeting-place of the household, and the bower, a smaller room opening out of one end of the hall, serving as a private room for the heads of the house. The bower was commonly used by the mistress of the house and her ladies. In larger houses, as time went on, more private rooms were added, but the hall and bower, known also as the great chamber, remained the nucleus of the plan. In smaller houses and cottages the main room was known similarly as the hall and a lesser adjoining as the bower. Cf. Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, B, 4022: 'sooty was hir bour, and eek hir halle.' See the mention of the hall and bower of Branksome, ll. 16-19 below, and cf. Warton's sonnet *London*, 1802, l. 4: 'the heroic wealth of hall and bower.'

5. The line is borrowed from Coleridge, *Christabel*, 54: 'Maria, shield her well!' In Scott's earliest draft of the stanza the line ran 'Mary, mother, shield us well.'

6. **wight]** Creature, being (O.E. *wiht*).

8. **idlesse]** An archaic form of 'idleness.'

13. **the rushy floor]** The floor of the hall strewn with rushes as was customary in the middle ages and till a much later date.

14. **the forest race]** The forest is the wild hill-country west of Branksome, a southward continuation of Eddrick Forest.

which forms the watershed of southern Scotland. Teviot stone (l. 15) is near the source of the Teviot, which flows eastward to Hawick and joins the Tweed near Kelso. Eskdalemuir is at the head of the White Esk, which, flowing southward, is joined by the Black Esk, and enters the Solway firth near Longtown in Cumberland.

16. **Nine-and-twenty knights of fame]** Relations and vassals of the head of the house of Scott, who held their lands by the tenure of military service under their chief. Scott was descended from one of the branches of the family, the Scotts of Harden, and commemorates his ancestor, Walter Scott, husband of Mary Scott, the famous 'flower of Yarrow,' in canto iv, st. ix.

23. **Buccleuch]** The chief of the house of Scott was known, as was customary in Scotland, by the name of his estate. The barony of Buccleuch takes its name from a ravine in Ettrick forest, near the confluence of the Rankle burn and Ettrick water. Buccleuch, the cleugh or glen of the buck, was said to be so called from the legend of the capture of a buck there by John of Galloway, the traditional founder of the family, during a royal hunt in the ninth century. Cf. canto vi, st. viii:

Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch was created baron Scott of Buccleuch in the peerage of Scotland in 1606. His son Walter was created earl of Buccleuch in 1619, and the duchy was created in 1673 in favour of Charles II's son James, duke of Monmouth, and his wife Anne, younger daughter and, after the death of her elder sister, sole heiress of the second earl.

25. **belted sword]** Sword worn hanging from a belt round the waist.

26. **harness]** Armour.

29. **corslet laced]** With their body-armour fastened in readiness for any disturbance. 'Laced' applies strictly to the quilted leather jerkin or hacqueton worn next the body, which formed a stiff inner lining to the covering of plate armour.

36. **wight]** Active, fleet (O.E. *wict*, from the same root as A.-S. *wig* = war). Cf. the *Lay of Havelok the Dane*, 344: 'He a fayr man, [and] a wict'; Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, B, 3457: 'yong man, were he never so wight.' The word has no connection with 'wight,' l. 6 above.

38. **Barbed]** Armed for war. *Barde* is a general French term for horse-armour and the proper form of the word is 'barbed' as used by Scott in canto 1, st. xxix: 'For he was barbed counter to tail.' One of the blunders which led to the discovery of Chatterton's forgeries was his use of the word 'barbed,' proper to horses, to the walls of a hall hung with armour.

39. **Jedwood-axe]** The weapon used by the horsemen of the neighbourhood of Jedburgh and known as a Jeddart staff. It is a long-handled weapon with an axe-head: Scott describes it as a sort of partisan, and refers to its representation in the shields and arms of Jedburgh, where it is borne by a horseman.

41. **the custom]** Used in the feudal sense, implying the maintenance of service rendered by the knights of Branxholm to their superior.

42. **dight]** Prepared, arrayed, from A.-S. *dihtan* = to disarrange, derived from Lat. *dictare*.

46. **St George's red cross]** The sign of an English raider.

49. **Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers]** Three powerful northern English families. The Scropes were descended from the judge sir Henry le Scrope (d. 1336), whose elder son Henry founded the line of Scrope of Masham, while a younger Geoffrey founded that of Scrope of Bolton in Wensley. Henry, ninth lord Scrope of Bolton, is famous as the warder of the marches who suppressed the Rising of the North in 1569; he was governor of 'merry Carlisle' (l. 51), the key to the western border, 1562-92. William Howard, third son of Thomas, first duke of Norfolk, obtained Naworth castle and the Dacre lands in Cumberland by his marriage with Elizabeth Dacre in 1577: his great-grandson Charles was created earl of Carlisle in 1661, and his descendants still own Naworth, on the left bank of the small river Irthing. The Percys, earls of Northumberland, had their chief strongholds at Alnwick and at Warkworth on

Coquet. Although Scott sets his story about the year 1553, he was here as elsewhere more careful to give it picturesque colouring and atmosphere than strict accuracy. In 1553 none of the three families mentioned were playing a prominent part in border warfare; and the connexion of the Howards with Naworth did not begin till the marriage in 1577. Nevertheless, lord William Howard, known as 'belted Will,' appears in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* as joint warden of the marches.

51. **merry**] A conventional ballad epithet applied to the city.

58. **Lord Walter**] Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch was killed in the streets of Edinburgh by his enemies, the Kerrs, in 1552. The Kerrs, whose domains in Teviotdale were adjacent to those of the Scotts, had taken part with the Douglasses in the battle of Melrose (1526) against sir Walter and his followers, whom James V had secretly summoned to deliver him from the control of his step-father and guardian, Archibald Douglas, earl of Angus. The victory remained with Angus, but Kerr of Cessford, hotly pursuing the defeated force of Buccleuch, was killed by a man named Elliot. The feud between the Scotts and Kerrs, which thus arose, lasted for many years afterwards: Scott mentions that it gave rise to apprehensions as late as 1596.

61. **Dunedin**] The old name of Edinburgh (Edwin's burgh). The foundation of Edinburgh is attributed to Edwin, king of Northumbria (d. 633), who founded a small fortified outpost there, upon the northern frontier of his kingdom. Dunedin is thus said to mean Edwin's hill or fort; but '-edin' by itself is probably the Celtic *eiddyn*, i.e. high hill or fort.

63. **slogan**] The war-cry of a Scottish clan. The word is of Highland origin, from Gael. *sluaghgairm*, literally 'host-shout.'

69. **each holy shrine**] Scott printed in *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. 1, an agreement entered into by the Scotts and Kerrs in 1529, three years after the battle of Melrose, to undertake a series of pilgrimages to the four chief shrines of Scotland, at which each party should pray for the souls of its slain enemies.

73. **Cessford]** The two chief branches of the Kerrs or (were seated at Cessford in the parish of Morebattle, between Cheviots and Kelso, and at Ferniehirst in the Jed valley, miles above Jedburgh. From sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, created earl of Roxburghe and baron Ker of Cessford and Caverston in 1616, the dukes of Roxburghe, whose second title is 'marquess Bowmont and Cessford,' are descended; while the marquess Lothian take their origin from the Ferniehirst branch, the dukedom of Lothian having been originally created in favour of James Kerr in 1606.

74. **Ettrick]** See note on l. 23 above. Ettrick forest is a hill district west of Selkirk. The Ettrick water joins Yarrow not far above Selkirk, where the Yarrow joins the Tweed.

II. MELROSE BY MOONLIGHT

From canto II, stt. viii-xi. The 'monk of St Mary's aisle,' is charged with the secret of the tomb of Michael Scott, and conducts William of Deloraine into the abbey-church at dead of night to open the tomb and extract the magic book. Scott's cavalier treatment of history in the interests of romance is shewn by making the monk of St Mary's aisle the friend and confidant of the philosopher-magician Michael Scott, who died about ten centuries before and is placed by Dante among the soothsayers in *Inferno*, XX, 115-117.

4. **the cloister-arches]** The remains of the wall-arcade of the cloister at Melrose, built about the end of the fourteenth century, are decorated with a great variety of sculptured foliage carved in the hard red sandstone of the locality, of which the abbey was built, and hardly affected by exposure to the weather. The abbey was founded upon its present site by king David I. in 1136 for a colony of Cistercian monks from Rievaulx in Yorkshire. It suffered greatly in the border wars and was entirely rebuilt in the last quarter of the fourteenth and during the fifteenth centuries, a period when Scottish architecture was remarkable for the richness and beauty of its ornament.

7. **the streamers light]** The Aurora Borealis.

9. **in fair Castile]** We are told in st. vii that the monk had been a warrior in his youth 'and fought in Spain and Italy.' Scott's note on this passage quotes Froissart to illustrate the skill of the Spanish knights in fighting on horseback with darts, an art learned from the Moors and practised in the game called *el juego de las cañas*, i.e. dart-play.

11. **jennet]** The small horse used by the Spanish light cavalry. Sp. *jinete*, probably of Arabic origin = a horseman: the word 'jennet' (Fr. *genet*) was applied from the man to his characteristic steed.

15. **postern-door]** The principal doorway by which the church at Melrose was entered from the cloister remains in the north aisle of the nave of the abbey-church, as is usual in monastic buildings. Scott imagines the monk to live by himself in a separate cell: this was not unusual towards the end of the middle ages, but Cistercian monks, like those of other religious orders, the Carthusians excepted, slept in the common dormitory or dorter on the upper floor of the range of buildings adjoining the church, and their only way into church by night was by an upper doorway and stair communicating with the north transept.

17. **The darken'd roof]** The church was vaulted throughout in stone. Some of the vaulting still remains in the aisles, and a large number of bosses and key-stones, such as are described by Scott, remain among the ruins. The church was ruined during the Scottish reformation: in 1618 the middle portion was turned into a Presbyterian church and roofed over with a heavy vault which still remains.

19. **each ribbéd aisle]** Each bay or division of the vault was, according to the medieval practice, built on a framework of arches or ribs, the two ribs which crossed the compartment diagonally and bore the main weight of the vault meeting in a carved keystone common to both. 'Aisle' = an alley or passage, usually applied to the lateral portions of a church on each side of its broad main divisions.

20. **quatre-feuille]** A four-leaved ornament, imitated from foliage. At Melrose the favourite form of foliage used by the

masons was the curly kale, frequently imitated in Scottish ings.

21. **corbells**] Projecting bracket-like ornaments (Fr. *beille* = a basket) used as terminations to vaulting-shafts, or ports for arches, statues or the timbers of a roof. They are carved in the shape of grotesque heads.

25. **scutcheon**] Shield (Fr. *écusson*). Scott refers to armour, used as part of the trappings of a knight's funeral afterwards hung up over his tomb, like the Black prince's funeral armour at Canterbury.

30, 31. The 'gallant Chief of Otterburne' was James, second earl of Douglas, who was killed in the battle of Otterburn in Northumberland, 15 August, 1388. The Scots defeated Richard Percy, called 'Hotspur,' the son of the first earl of Northumberland, but Douglas died before the battle was won. The knight of Liddesdale' was sir William Douglas, known as 'flower of chivalry,' whose stronghold was Hermitage castle, a tributary of the Liddel, which flows down Liddesdale to join the Esk on the English border near Longtown. The epithet 'damned' applied to him on account of his treacherous murder by starvation of sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, to whom David II granted the wardenship of Roxburgh castle, an office actually held by Douglas. He, in his turn, was murdered in Ettrick Forest in 1353 by his kinsman William, first earl of Douglas, the father of the victor of Otterburn. Both the persons alluded to were buried in Melrose abbey, near the high altar; but their tombs had been desecrated by the English under lord Eure and Brian Layton in February 1544-5, some seven to eight years before the date of this story. Eure and Layton both perished two days later at the battle of Ancrum moor, and Eure's and probably Layton's bodies were brought back to Melrose for burial.

34. **the east oriel**] The east window of the abbey-church in which the broken tracery remains. The word 'oriel' is usually applied to a window of polygonal form, and, in its primary sense, to such a window projecting upon corbels or brackets from

upper story, which in neither respect suits the present case. Scott's description of the tracery was influenced by the fantastic theories of his friend sir James Hall of Dunglas, who attempted to derive window-tracery from 'an architectural imitation of wicker-work.' Such tracery is actually one result of the scientific lightening and distribution of pressure of the stone roof, which enabled the construction of large window-openings filled with a thin framework of stone in the spaces between the points, at regular intervals, to which the vault-ribs communicated the pressure.

46. **Triumphant Michael]** Scott's description of the window-glass is imaginary, and the figure of St Michael is introduced, as is shewn in the sequel, that his red cross may cast its light on the grave of Michael Scott. In medieval churches, the representation of St Michael, at any rate 'full in the midst,' was seldom found in an east window: it occupied the middle of the lower part of the west window, which was very commonly a picture of the Last Judgment. The red cross also is not an attribute of St Michael, to whom Scott here has transferred the proper attribute of St George, the horseman trampling on the dragon. St Michael is usually represented standing upon the arch-enemy, whom he transfixes with his lance, while he holds in his left hand the balance for weighing souls.

III. THE BALE-FIRE

From canto III, stt. xxix, xxx. The bale-fire (bale=O.E. *bæl*, which means a great fire, commonly applied to funeral pyres) has been lighted on the beacons between Braxholm and the English border, warning the Scots of the raid from Cumberland, and the seneschal or steward of the castle has ordered Gilbert the page to light the castle-beacon.

2. **need-fire]** The beacon, lighted as need required; strictly, in the modern sense, a fire lighted by rubbing dry pieces of wood together, i.e., in cases of necessity, where other means are absent.

13. **tarn]** A small mountain-lake, from old Norse *tjörn*.

14. **earn]** The erne or golden eagle (O.E. *earn*).

15. **cairn]** A loose pile of stones on the top of a hill, traditionally supposed, like the cairn of Dunmail raise, between Ambleside and Keswick, to mark the burial-place of chieftains.

17. **Dunedin]** See note on l. 61, p. 105 above.

18. **Soltra and Dumpender Law]** Soltra = Soutra hill, the most westerly of the Lammermuir hills, about 15 miles S.E. of Edinburgh. Dumpender, now known as Traprain, Law (law = O.E. *hlaew*, a small hill), is an isolated hill between Haddington and Dunbar, about 20 miles E. of Edinburgh.

19. **Lothian]** The district south of the firth of Forth, comprising the three shires of Linlithgow, Edinburgh and Haddington, known respectively as West, Mid and East Lothian.

the Regent] In 1552-3 the regent of Scotland for the young queen Mary, then in France, was James Hamilton, second earl of Arran and duke of Châtellherault, who had been made regent in 1542. He abdicated the regency in 1554, when it was assumed by the queen-mother Mary of Guise.

20. **bowne them]** Prepare themselves, a verb formed from the old adjective 'bown' = ready.

24. **larum]** Alarm.

27. **keep]** The principal tower of a castle, usually called in the middle ages the 'great tower,' which was provided with special defences, so as to hold out upon its own account, in case the rest of the castle were taken. The word 'keep' in this sense is comparatively modern and was unknown in the age when castles played their part in warfare. After the middle of the thirteenth century, owing to improvements in the defence of the outer wall of castles, the keep disappeared or became merely the most prominent of many towers; but in the north it survived for long in the form of the tower generally attached to the 'pele' of a fortified enclosure, and there are fine late examples in other parts of England, notably in the eastern midlands.

30. **ward]** The open space within the walls of a castle, known in early times as the bailey (*ballium* = stockaded enclosure). Larger castles were divided into more than one ward by inner walls or gatehouses. Thus at Windsor castle the lower or entrance

ward, in which is St George's chapel, is divided from the upper ward, in which is the royal palace, by the mount or artificial hillock on which stands the keep or Round tower; and by the narrow middle ward, forming the means of access from the lower to the upper.

32. **ban-dog**] Mastiff, properly band-dog, from the band, chain or leash in which it was held.

IV. CALEDONIA

From canto vi, stt. i, ii. These introductory lines, full of Scott's passionate love for his native country, are the prelude to the concluding portion of the minstrel's story. They are spoken, of course, in the person of the minstrel, the last survivor of a bygone age of song.

17. **Caledonia**] The Latin name for Scotland, said to be derived from the Celtic name of its early inhabitants, the *coill-duinnhe*, or men of the woods.

30. **Yarrow's stream**] The Yarrow joins the Tweed near Selkirk. Wordsworth made it the subject of three poems, the first and most beautiful of which, *Yarrow Unvisited*, had been written in 1803, before the appearance of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. See *Selections from Wordsworth*, pp. 131, 150.

32. **Ettrick**] See note on l. 74, p. 106 above.

34. **Teviot Stone**] See note on l. 14, p. 103 above.

V. THE SONG OF ALBERT GRÆME

From canto vi, stt. xi, xii. The song sung at the betrothal feast of Cranstoun and Margaret Scott by the minstrel of the Græmes or Grahams, a branch of which family was settled in the 'Debateable land,' the strip of country between the rivers Esk and Sark, north of Carlisle, in which was fought in 1542 the battle of Solway moss. Scott adapted the refrains of his ballad from an old Scottish song of which the refrains were 'The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa'' and 'And the lyon shall be lord of a'.'

17. **she had not tasted well**] I.e. she had hardly tasted.

25. **he took the cross divine**] He became a crusader.

VI. HAROLD'S SONG

From canto vi, xxiii. The singer of this ballad at the betrothal feast is Harold, the bard of the house of Sinclair (St Clair). Scott makes Harold a native of the Orkney isles. The Sinclair obtained the earldom of Orkney from the crown of Norway in 1379. Sir William Sinclair, the third earl, was created earl of Caithness by James II of Scotland in 1455, and in 1471 exchanged the earldom of Orkney with James III for estates in Fife, of which Ravensheuch (l. 7), now called Ravenscraig, castle, formed the chief member. The castle stands on the north shore of the Firth of Forth (l. 8), close to Pathhead, between the royal burghs of Kirkcaldy and Dysart: the name of its owners is preserved in an adjoining place called Sinclairtown. Rosslyn, eight miles south of Edinburgh, belonged to the Sinclairs, who were of Norman origin, from an early period. The castle, on a rock above the North Esk river (l. 29), was rebuilt in the first half of the fourteenth century. The famous collegiate church of St Matthew, known as Rosslyn chapel (l. 33), was begun in 1446 by the third earl of Orkney, and continued by his son William, the second earl of Caithness: the quire alone was built, a transept being begun but left unfinished. At the supposed date of Scott's story the head of the house of Sinclair was George, fourth earl of Caithness (d. 1582).

4. **Rosabelle**] The name was common in the Sinclair family. It was derived from Rosabel, daughter of Malise, earl of Strathearn, who married one of the early lords of Rosslyn.

11. **the Water-Sprite**] For the personification of water spirits, see note on l. 129, p. 174 below. Cf. the White Lady's story in *The Monastery*, ch. v, ll. 23, 24:

The Kelpy has risen from his fathomless pool,
He has lighted his candle of death and of dool.

13. **the gifted Seer**] Cf. the allusions to the second sign with which Scottish seers were traditionally gifted in note l. 42, p. 170 below.

17. **Lord Lindesay's heir]** The persons of this poem belong to Scott's imagination. Sir John Lindsay, ancestor of the Scottish earls of Lindsay, was created lord Lindsay of the Byers in 1445: the family was a younger branch of the house of Lindsay, the elder branch being that of the earls of Crawford, a title obtained in 1398.

26. **A wondrous blaze]** Scott notes the tradition that Rosslyn chapel 'is said to appear on fire on the death' of any of the founder's descendants, and traces it to a probably Scandinavian origin, from which it 'may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian dominions.'

31. **Dryden]** Dryden park lies north of Rosslyn.

32. **cavern'd Hawthornden]** Hawthornden is north-east of Rosslyn, upon the right bank of the North Esk (see note on l. 46, p. 98 above). The house, famous as the residence of the poet William Drummond (1585-1649), is on the edge of a red sandstone cliff, hollowed out into caves, above the river

34. **uncoffin'd]** The Sinclairs were buried in their armour in the vault at the east end of Rosslyn chapel. The *Memoirs* of John, master of St Clair, quoted by Scott, state that his father, who died late in the seventeenth century, was the first of the family to be buried in a coffin.

38. **altar's pale]** The screened enclosure surrounding an altar.

39. **foliage-bound]** Scott alludes to 'the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses' of Rosslyn chapel, and especially to the 'Prentice pillar,' which is carved with a spiral band of flowers and leaves, surrounding it from capital to base.

42. **rose-carv'd]** The rose, in the sculptures of the chapel, alludes to the supposed derivation of the name of Rosslyn. The word, however, is actually Celtic, and means 'the promontory of the linn' (*linnhe* = waterfall or rapids).

VII. HYMN FOR THE DEAD

From canto vi, xxxi. This imposing hymn, much of the effect of which is due to the solemn monotony of its rhymes, concludes the minstrel's story, and is sung at a mass for the dead in Melrose

abbey. The theme is derived from the famous hymn, *Dies iræ illa*, attributed to the Franciscan friar, Thomas of Celan, the friend and biographer of St Francis, which is sung at requiem mass as the sequence before the gospel is read. It was justly appreciated by Scott, who (Lockhart, *Life of Scott*, i. lxxxiii) always delighted in 'the magnificent hymns' of the medieval church: on his death-bed he lay murmuring some of them to himself, and 'we very often heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Irae*.' The present hymn sums up briefly the general spirit of the original, without translating it or reproducing its form, and ll. 5, 6 have no counterpart in the Latin. Scott's power, however, in reproducing phrases and imagery, may be estimated by comparing ll. 7, 8 with the third stanza of *Dies iræ*,

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

The first line occurs in the form 'The day of wrath, that dread day' in the translation of *Dies iræ* by Wentworth Dillon, earl of Roscommon (d. 1685).

EXTRACTS FROM MARMION

Marmion: a tale of Flodden Field, Scott's second narrative poem, was published in 1808 and dedicated to Henry, 1st Duke of Montagu of Boughton, second son of Henry, third duke of Buccleuch. Each of the six cantos is prefixed by a long dedicatory poem, each of which is addressed to one of Scott's antiquarian friends. The greater part of the poem was composed at Ashes in Ettrick forest, Scott's country home from the summer of 1806 until his removal to Abbotsford in 1812.

The defeat and death of James IV of Scotland at Flodden (1513), in conflict with the English army led by Thomas Howard, earl of Surrey and afterwards third duke of Norfolk, form the historical basis of the poem, which is otherwise pure romance. The name of Marmion,

Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town,

was probably selected by Scott for its chivalrous sound, and he was 'entirely a fictitious personage.' He says: 'I have...not created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary personage.' The family of Marmion (usually spelt in English Marmyun) came from Fontenay-le-Marmion (Calvados), between Caen and Falaise. Robert Marmion obtained the lordship of Tamworth, Staffs., and the manor of Scrivelsby, Lincs., from the Conqueror; but his male line died out with Philip Marmion, who died in 1291-2. Lutterward, i.e. Lutterworth, Leics., never belonged to the Marmions: Scott seems to have included it because it was part of the possessions of the family of Ferrers, who succeeded in process of time to the lordship of Tamworth. At the time of Flodden, however, Tamworth belonged to the Ferrers family, Scrivelsby to the Dymokes, and Lutterworth had passed from the house of Ferrers to that of Grey.

Canto 1, *The Castle*, describes the visit of Marmion to Norham castle, on his way to the court of Scotland, where he is charged with an embassy to learn the meaning of James IV's warlike preparations. He departs under guidance of a Palmer or pilgrim, who is undertaking a journey to the shrines of Scotland. The change of scene in canto 11, *The Convent*, has been prepared for by the questions of the constable of Norham as to the absence of a page of Marmion's from his company. When Marmion leaves Norham, a ship is on its way from Whitby to Lindisfarne, conveying the abbess of Whitby and her nuns on a visit. The abbess here sits in judgment with the abbot of Lindisfarne and the prioress of Tynemouth upon an apostate nun and monk. The nun, Constance de Beverley, disguised in a page's dress, has left her monastery for love of Marmion and has been deserted by him for the heiress Clare, a ward of the Crown, whom he woos for her lands. Constance tells how Marmion accused Clare's betrothed lover, De Wilton, of treason, and overthrew him in single combat, and produces a packet of letters to prove Marmion's guilt. Clare, meanwhile, had taken refuge at Whitby from the king's attempt to force her marriage with Marmion, and is actually at

Lindisfarne with the abbess. Constance confesses that she had attempted to poison Clare with the aid of the 'caitiff monk'. The two criminals are walled up alive, Constance using her last opportunity of speech in prophesying the doom of the monastery.

Although it is necessary to the progress of the story and contains much fine poetry, canto II is a serious blot upon the poem. Its personages and incidents are not merely imaginary, but entirely false to the history of the times; and Scott, instead of producing a picture which is generally true of the period of which he wrote, chose to rely entirely upon his fancy, with a result that to the ordinary reader of the poem is misleading, and to anyone who is acquainted with the general subject is merely grotesque.

In canto III, *The Hostel, or Inn*, Marmion continues his journey. At Gifford, near Haddington, he spends the night in an inn where his conscience is stung by the page Fitz-Eustace's rendering of Constance's favourite song. As this lay of forsaken love enters Marmion's mind, he seems to hear a passing-bell and, asking what this may mean, is answered by the Palmer, who hitherto has not broken silence, with the ominous words, 'The death of a dear friar'. The Host then tells the local legend of the combat of Alexander of Scotland in an enchanted Pictish earthwork with a spirit in the form of Edward I, in which he compelled his foe to shew him visions of the future, but received a wound which bled yearly on the anniversary of the fight. Marmion's superstition is aroused by this story. At dead of night he visits the Pictish camp, and Fitz-Eustace, awaiting his return, sees him ride back headless and is mystified by the discovery that he has had a fall on the moor. Canto IV, *The Camp*, opens with the mysterious illness of Marmion's horse, Bevis, in the inn stable. Marmion affects to disregard the tale that the horse has been fairy-ridden and proceeds on his way until, on the banks of the Tyne, he meets David Lindsay, Lyon king-at-arms, who conducts him to Crichton castle, the place chosen by James IV for his entertainment. Here Sir David tells him the story of the Scottish king's recent visit to St John, and Marmion confides to him the secret of his adventure in the Pictish camp at Gifford, relating how he has enco-

tered and been overthrown by a fairy knight in the appearance of his mortal enemy, whose name we know to be De Wilton. From Crichton they journey towards Edinburgh, and, from the brow of Blackford hill, see the whole host of Scotland encamped upon the plain south of the city. In canto v, *The Court*, they pass through the camp and meet the king at Holyrood palace. Here James declares his intention of invading England, and announces that he is going to send Marmion under the escort of Archibald Douglas, earl of Angus, to Tantallon castle, together with a company of English nuns who have been captured at sea and are to be sent back to England in Marmion's charge. These nuns are, of course, the nuns from Whitby, among whom is Clare. The abbess contrives to meet the Palmer at night and entrusts to him the packet of letters which prove that the papers alleged to be evidence of De Wilton's treason had been forged by Constance. At the end of their meeting, they see a vision of a phantom proclamation at the High cross of Edinburgh, summoning the future victims of Flodden to their doom beyond the grave. Next morning, the party goes to Tantallon; but before arriving there, Clare is separated from the rest of the nuns, to be consigned to the care of lady Angus before returning to her home in England. While they remain at Tantallon, news comes that James has taken Norham and other Border castles and that battle is imminent.

The last canto, *The Battle*, opens at Tantallon. Here the Palmer, who is of course De Wilton, tells the story of Marmion's perfidy to Angus and asks him to give him knighthood, so that he may go to the English camp and demand justice. This he relates to Clare, who finds him one night on the battlements, guarding his armour before the ceremony of knighthood takes place. She attends the ceremony and arrays him in the armour, lent him by Angus, which had been worn by the earl's ancestor at Otterburn (see note on ll. 30, 31, p. 108 above). Next morning Marmion, with Clare in his charge, leaves the castle for the English army: Angus refuses to clasp his hand, and Marmion, defying him, narrowly escapes detention at Tantallon. On his way, he misses the Palmer

and learns that he has ridden away in armour at dawn: Marmion realises that the Palmer is De Wilton and that his antagonist Gifford was no phantom. He reaches the field of Flodden, where he leaves Clare in the care of his pages and some archers on a hill by a stone cross, instructing them to make for Berwick in case of danger. Here they watch the battle until the Scottish right wing overpowers the English and Marmion is dismounted when Clare's escort ride to his rescue and leave her alone. Marmion, wounded to death, is brought to Clare, and dies, tended by her and a monk. De Wilton bears himself nobly in the battle and, after the defeat of the Scots, wins Clare's hand, the wedding ceremony being performed at court by Wolsey, in the presence of Henry VIII and Katherine of Aragon. In spite of Marmion's base conduct, Scott has some tenderness for his bravery; and with a final stroke of retributive justice, he leaves him to be buried in a nameless grave at Flodden, while the body of one of his humble retainers is mistaken for his and buried beneath a splendid tomb in Lichfield cathedral.

The metre throughout is more regular than that of *The Lady of the Last Minstrel*, being in the main the octosyllabic couplet frequently broken by seven-syllable lines which rhyme at irregular intervals. If it has not the full freshness and picturesqueness of the earlier poem, it is superior to it in its vigour and eloquence, and the magnificent pictures of the camp at Edinburgh, the scenes at Tantallon and the culminating description of the battle of Flodden have made it the most popular of Scott's narratives in verse.

I. NORHAM CASTLE

From canto i, i, ii. Norham castle is in Northumberland, on a steep hill upon the south bank of the Tweed. It belonged to the bishops of Durham, and the stone castle, of which the ruins remain, was begun by Ranulf Flambard, bishop 1099-1128. As it has a very varied history and much rebuilding, which was due to constant injury caused by Scottish attacks, it was given up to the Crown in 1559. It is six miles S.W. of Berwick-on-Tweed.

the episcopal estates of which it formed the head were an isolated portion of the county palatine of Durham known as Norhamshire.

3. **Cheviot**] The Cheviot hills rise some twelve miles S. and S.W. of Norham, on the borders of Northumberland and Roxburghshire.

4. **battled**] Embattled.

the donjon keep] For 'keep' see note on l. 27, p. 110 above. The great tower or keep was often called the donjon, a word derived from the late Latin *dunio*, which was applied to the moated mount forming part of the earthworks of an early castle. The top of this artificial hillock, as may be seen from several representations in the Bayeux tapestry, was surrounded by a wooden stockade, within which was built a tower of timber, intended to be a place of final defence in case the main area or bailey of the castle was taken. In process of time wooden fortifications were superseded by defences of stone, when the great tower of a castle, whether built upon a mount or not, occupied the same position and was known as a donjon. In English the word took the form 'dungeon,' which is often applied to such towers and, by a later use, was specially given to the vaulted cellars in their basements. These were more often store-rooms than prisons, so that the use of 'dungeon' as synonymous with 'prison' comes rather from their more recent employment than from their original purpose. The great tower at Norham, of which three sides and the basement vaults remain, is said to have been begun by bishop Flambard; but the greater portion of it appears to belong to the age of bishop Hugh Puiset (1153-95).

14. **Saint George's banner**] The banner of the patron saint of England. Norham stood on the very edge of the kingdom: the opposite bank of the Tweed is in Scotland.

II. 'THE LORDLY STRAND OF NORTHUMBERLAND'

From canto II, viii, ix. Scott describes the northward voyage of the abbess and her nuns. The passage is a good example of his power of inspiring a catalogue of names with poetic interest.

Each of these names had for him its own historical and romantic association, which he contrives to communicate to his reader.

4. **the nuns]** Scott makes his abbess and nuns come from Whitby. In early Saxon times there was a monastery at Whitby presided over by the abbess St Hilda; but the later abbess was at Whitby, whose ruins remain upon the cliff above the town, a monastery of monks not of nuns.

5. **Monk-Wearmouth]** On the north bank of the Wear opposite Sunderland and the bishop of Durham's manor is Monk-Wearmouth. The monastery of Wearmouth, of which a large portion of the church remains, was founded in 674 by Benedict Biscop, the first abbot. The story of its foundation is told at length by the Venerable Bede in his *Historia Abbatum*. Bede was a native of the place and spent most of his life in the monastery of Jarrow, a few miles away, which was under the same abbot. About 1075 the two monasteries were revived as cells or subordinate priories to the cathedral priory of Durham.

6. **Tynemouth's priory]** The ruins of Tynemouth priory stand upon the headland on the north side of the mouth of the Tyne. The priory of St Mary and St Oswin, probably on the site of a Saxon monastery, was founded in 1074; but, about 1080 it was granted by Robert Mowbray, earl of Northumberland, to the abbot and convent of St Albans in Hertfordshire, and from that time onwards was a cell of that distant monastery. Scott, whose knowledge of monastic history was extremely vague, makes the same mistake as in the case of Whitby (see note 1. 4 above) and introduces a 'prioress' of Tynemouth into the conclave at Holy Island.

8. **Seaton-Delaval]** Seaton Delaval hall stands near the coast about three miles south-west of Blyth. It was owned by the family of Delaval from a period soon after the Norman conquest: it was sold to Sir John Horsley, who married the heiress of the Delavals temp. Henry II. He took the name of Delaval. The present hall was begun in 1711 by the admiral George Delaval: the architect was sir John Vanbrugh. The main building was entirely gutted by fire in 1822 and has never been restored for occupation.

9. **the Blythe and Wansbeck floods]** The Blyth river enters the sea at the port of Blyth. The mouth of the Wansbeck is about three miles higher up the coast. Both rivers, in common with most of the streams of the north-east of England, run through deeply sunken valleys among thick woods. The town of Morpeth lies in a wide opening of the Wansbeck valley, about seven miles above its mouth.

11. **Widderington]** Widdrington castle is eight miles north-east of Morpeth, near Druridge bay. The old castle was destroyed towards the end of the eighteenth century. The Widdringtons were a famous family in Northumbrian ballad lore. The most celebrated allusion to them occurs in *Chevy Chase*:

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne.

13. **Coquet-isle]** Opposite the mouth of the river Coquet. There was a small Benedictine monastery on the island, a cell belonging to Tynemouth priory.

15. **the Alne]** The mouth of the Aln, which gives its name to Alnwick, is about four miles north of the mouth of the Coquet.

16. **Warkworth]** See note on l. 49, p. 104 above. Warkworth castle stands upon a hill on the right bank of the Coquet, round which the river sweeps in a horse-shoe curve, one of the finest castle-sites in England. The small town is sheltered upon a narrow tongue of land between the hill and the river.

20. **Dunstanborough]** The castle of Dunstanburgh is on a basaltic promontory between Alnmouth and Bamburgh. Its ruins are in the main those of a castle built by Thomas, earl of Lancaster, about 1315. On the east side of the castle is the chasm known as the Rumble Churn, forming the entrance to a cavern beneath the rock: at high tide the waves rise in great masses of spray above the sides of this narrow rift.

21. **Bamborough]** The basaltic rock of Bamburgh (Bebban-burh, the *burh* or fortified enclosure of Bebb, the queen of Ida)

was stockaded by Ida, king of Northumbria 547-59, and for the capital of his kingdom. The great castle, still inhabited, was founded by Robert Mowbray, earl of Northumberland, in the eleventh century. It was ceded to Henry II by Malcolm, king of Scotland, in 1157, and soon afterwards the rectangular tower or keep, which occupies the highest point of the site, was begun.

26. **Holy Island]** The isle of Lindisfarne, separated from mainland by some three miles of sands, which are covered at high water (see ll. 27-34), was chosen by St Aidan in 634 as the site of the monastery from which he ruled his Northumbrian bishopric. St Cuthbert, who was a monk of Lindisfarne 634-6, was bishop of Lindisfarne 685-7, and the place became peculiarly associated with his sanctity. He was buried at Lindisfarne, but his remains were removed during the invasions of the Danes, and, after their long wanderings (see notes on the next section), eventually found a resting-place at Durham. The priory became a dependency of the cathedral priory of Durham, and the ruins which remain are those of the priory, the church of which was begun about 1093. Scott invents an abbot of Holy Island: the head of the priory was a prior appointed by the prior of Durham. The ruins stand upon low ground on the shore of the island; while the castle (l. 37), a small fortress built early in the sixteenth century by John Castell, prior of Durham, is on the top of an isolated rock called the Beblowe, at the north-west corner of the island.

28. **the Saint]** St Cuthbert.

30. **continent]** The mainland.

39. **dark-red pile]** The priory ruins are of the deep red sandstone employed also at Bamburgh castle and in most of the buildings of the Border district.

III. THE SAINT OF HOLY ISLAND

From canto II, xiv-xvi. For St Cuthbert see note on the preceding passage.

1. **Saint Cuthbert's daughters]** The nuns of Lindisfarne.

There were, however, no nuns there. Scott makes the same mistake in this case as in the cases of Whitby and Tynemouth (see notes on ll. 4, 6, p. 120 above).

2. **these**] The nuns who had been relating the glories of Whitby abbey.

3-26. In 875 Eardulf, the bishop, and a remnant of the clergy of Lindisfarne fled from the island during the devastation of Northumbria by the Danes, taking with them the body of St Cuthbert in its stone coffin. They wandered for seven years with little rest through the north of England until in 882 they settled at Chester-le-Street (l. 20), to which the seat of the bishops of Lindisfarne was transferred. In 995, threatened by another Danish invasion, the saint's body was removed to Ripon. Three or four months later it was brought back to Chester-le-Street. The story was that, on coming to a place called Wardlaw, east of Durham, the wain which bore the coffin stuck fast and could not be moved, which was taken as a sign that the saint wished to find a new home. It was revealed in a vision to a monk named Eadmer that the appointed place was called Dunholme; and a further legend told how this spot, the future Durham, was discovered. Bishop Aldhun and his clergy settled at Durham, and St Cuthbert found permanent rest, with the exception of one short interval (see note on l. 42 below) in the cathedral priory church, the present building of which was begun by the Norman bishop William of Saint-Calais nearly a century after their settlement on the site.

10. **Melrose**] St Cuthbert had been a monk and prior of the early monastery at Melrose. The story of the visit to Melrose and the miraculous passage of the coffin down the Tweed to Tillmouth had no place in the medieval traditions of the saint's wanderings and does not occur earlier than the eighteenth century.

17. **Tilmouth cell**] A ruined chapel dedicated to St Cuthbert stands on the left bank of the Till at its confluence with the Tweed between Coldstream and Norham. A stone coffin was preserved here, which gave rise to the legend mentioned above; and the neighbourhood was associated with the traditions of the flight

from Lindisfarne. In canto vi, after the battle of Flodden, is taken for safety to

the chapel fair,
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.

27-32. Scott refers to the tradition that the Northur Roman Catholics kept the precise spot of the saint's burial secret, which was committed to only three persons at a time. When one of them died, the two survivors chose a third to take his place. The body, however, was never removed from its resting-place at the back of the high altar in Durham cathedral. The tomb was opened and the remains examined in 1824, and once again in recent years, with results that left no reasonable doubt.

34. **Scotland's dauntless king, and heir]** David I of Scotland and his son Henry, who were defeated in 1138 at the battle of the Standard on Cowton moor, near Northallerton. The battle received its name from the standards of St Peter of York, St Cuthbert of Durham, St Wilfrid of Ripon and St John of Beverley, which were carried on waggon in the middle of the English army.

36. **Galwegians]** Men of Galloway.

37. **Lodon]** Lothian. See note on l. 19, p. 110 above.

41. **Alfred's falchion]** The chronicler Symeon of Durham (lib. II, cap. xxv) tells how, while Alfred the Great was in exile in the marshes of Glastonbury, St Cuthbert appeared to him in vision and encouraged him to victory over the Danes.

42. **the Conqueror]** When William I laid waste the north of England in 1069, bishop Egelwin fled from Durham to Lindisfarne with the saint's body. It was brought back to Durham in 1070. In 1072 the Conqueror, returning from Scotland, came to Durham and demanded with threats to see the body. It was that, before his wish could be accomplished, he was seized with an intolerable high fever, and, recognising that he had incurred the wrath of the saint, fled southwards in hot haste, never stopping till he reached the Tees.

48. **The sea-born beads]** The ammonites found among the rocks of Lindisfarne were popularly known as St Cuthbert's beads.

beads, and their origin was accounted for by the legend mentioned in the text.

IV. FITZ-EUSTACE'S SONG

From canto III, x, xi. See introd. note, p. 116 above, for the circumstances in which the song is sung. It comes to the guilty Marmion as a prophecy of disgrace:

The air was sad; but sadder still
It fell on Marmion's ear,
And plain'd as if disgrace and ill,
And shameful death, were near.

The phrase *Eleu loro*, etc., which comes between each verse and its echoing refrain, represents a plaintive symphony on the harp with which the page accompanies his song.

V. EDINBURGH FROM BLACKFORD HILL

Canto IV, xxx. This stanza concludes the description of Marmion's view of the Scottish army. Blackford hill is south of Edinburgh, and the army was encamped upon the ground, now covered by modern suburbs, between it and the ridge, culminating in the castle rock, along which the old town of Edinburgh is built.

8. **the smoke-wreaths]** The smoke of Edinburgh, rising from the closely packed houses of the old town, gave her the familiar name of 'Auld Reekie.' So, in Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, David Balfour, looking northward from the brow of the Pentlands, saw Edinburgh 'smoking like a kiln.'

18. **Mine own romantic town!]** The description culminates in one of those eloquent touches of sincere emotion which distinguish Scott's poetry and reveal its underlying charm. Cf. the apostrophe to Edinburgh in the introductory epistle to canto v:

Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,
Dun-Edin! O, how alter'd now,
When, safe amid thy mountain court,
Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport,
And liberal, unconfin'd, and free,
Flinging thy white arms to the sea,

For thy dark cloud, with umber'd lower,
That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,
Thou gleam'st against the western ray
Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

The new town of Edinburgh, built at the northern and sea-foot of the ridge which mounts from Holyrood palace to castle, and separated from the old town by the depression which lay the lake called the Nor' loch, was planned in four years before Scott's birth.

20. **Ochil mountains**] The Ochil hills, some 20 miles northwest of Edinburgh at their nearest point, rise between Stirling and Perth and form the boundary between the highlands and lowlands of Scotland.

23-8. The view ranges eastward from the Ochils to the firth of Fife on the north side of the firth of Forth, and then turns to the south side of the firth. Preston bay is the southern curve of the firth of Forth, east of Edinburgh, on which stands the village of Prestonpans. Between the bay and the open sea is the headland northward projection of East Lothian, at the extremity of which near Tantallon castle, is the isolated hill of North Berwick Lighthouse.

33. **demi-volte**] A half-turn on horseback.

36. **The Lindesay**] Sir David Lindsay, Lyon king-at-arms, famous as poet and satirist. See introd. note, p. 116 above.

VI. LOCHINVAR

Canto v, xii. The song sung by lady Heron to James IV at his court at Holyrood. Scott notes that the ballad was 'in a slight degree founded on a ballad called "Katharine Janfa" which may be found in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." The scene of the ballad, the circumstances of which are imagined, is laid at Netherby, a seat of the Grahams or Graemes on the Cumberland bank of the border river Esk, near Longtown.

1. **the west**] Lochinvar is a small lake among the hills in the north of Kirkcudbrightshire, where on an island was a castle belonging to the Gordons.

20. **the Solway]** The Esk flows into Solway firth a few miles below Netherby. The swift rise of the tide on the Solway sands is described in *Redgauntlet*, letter iv: 'He that dreams on the bed of the Solway may wake in the next world.'

32. **a galliard]** Described by sir John Davies, *Orchestra: or a poem on Dancing*, as 'a swift and wand'ring dance....

With lofty turns and capriols in the air,
Which with the lusty tunes accordeth fair.'

It was known also as the cinquepace:

Five was the number of the music's feet,
Which still the dance did with five paces meet.

39. **the croupe]** The crupper or hinder-part of the horse.

41. **scaur]** A cliff or crag, from the Norse *sker*. The word is frequently found in the north of England, e.g. Gordale scar near Skipton, and Ravenscar, the cliff which forms the highest point of the coast between Whitby and Scarborough.

44. **Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves]** Names of border families. The Forsters and Fenwicks came from Northumberland: the Musgraves originally from Westmorland. The murder of Richard Musgrave of Stapleton, not far from Netherby, by William of Deloraine, was the cause of the 'Warden raid' which forms a prominent feature of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

45. **Cannobie Lee]** Canonbie in Dumfriesshire is on the Esk, a few miles above Netherby. The 'lee' or 'lea' is Canonbie muir, a tract of moorland to the north-east of the village.

. VII. DOUGLAS AND MARMION

Canto vi, xiii-xv. See introd. note, p. 117 above. Archibald Douglas, fifth earl of Angus, succeeded his father, the fourth earl, in 1462. In 1482 he combined with other Scottish nobles against James III and his favourite Robert Cochrane, earl of Mar. While the confederates were awaiting the approach of the king's army in the church of Lauder, Angus told them the fable of the mice who decided to safeguard themselves against the cat by tying a bell round his neck, but failed to do so because no one would undertake the task. He concluded by promising to bell

the cat himself, and so encouraged his friends to the summary process of hanging the earl of Mar and his accomplices on the bridge of Lauder. He thus obtained his famous nickname Archibald Bell-the-Cat. He died in 1514, the year after Flodden.

Tantallon castle, where this scene takes place, is on a point almost encircled by the sea, three miles east of North Berwick in Haddingtonshire. After the execution of Murdoch Stewart, second duke of Albany and earl of Fife, in 1425, it was granted to the earls of Angus.

3. **Surrey's camp]** Thomas Howard, earl of Surrey, commanded the English forces at Flodden. In 1514 he was created duke of Norfolk, a title formerly borne by his father, who died fighting for Richard III at Bosworth.

10. The earl's words mean that Marmion's efforts to save Clare would be of no avail, as De Wilton was already on his way to Surrey's camp, where he would expose Marmion's treachery.

13. **'plain]** Complain.

25. **My castles are my King's alone]** According to feudal theory, the sovereign was the owner of all landed property which was held by its tenants either directly by grant from the Crown or by grant of intermediate lords whose tenure could eventually be traced back to him. Thus Tantallon had been granted by the Crown to the earls of Angus after its forfeiture by the pretender, Murdoch, duke of Albany, and would return to the Crown in the event of its forfeiture by the earls of Angus. Tenants who held property immediately from the Crown were known as tenants in chief.

56. **Saint Bride of Bothwell]** St Bride or Bridget was the patron saint of the house of Douglas. Bothwell castle in Lanarkshire was one of the strongholds of the elder branch of the family of the earls of Douglas (see note on ll. 30, 31, p. 108 above), who forfeited its estates by the rebellion of the last earl in 1455 against king James II. Bothwell castle was restored to the Douglas by James IV in exchange for their castle of Hermitage. The churches of Bothwell and Douglas, near Lanark, the original seat of the family, were dedicated to St Bride.

77. **A letter forg'd]** The letters which were intended to prove De Wilton's treason had been forged for Marmion by Constance of Beverley. She, before her tragic end at Lindisfarne, had given them to the abbess of Whitby, who had delivered them to the supposed palmer, De Wilton in disguise, at Edinburgh, the night before the journey to Tantallon, where the story was revealed by De Wilton to the earl of Angus.

81. **Saint Bothan]** The second abbot of Iona, more correctly Bathan.

82. **Gawain]** Gavin Douglas, third son of the earl of Angus, famous as the author of a translation of the *Aeneid* of Vergil. Scott makes him a bishop at this time (l. 84), and, as such, he is present when the earl restores De Wilton to the honour of knight-hood. As a matter of fact, he was not consecrated bishop till 1516, when he received the see of Dunkeld. He was deprived of his bishopric in 1520 and died in 1522. He had been nominated to the archbishopric of St Andrews in 1514, but failed to obtain it. At the date of *Marmion*, when he was nearly forty, he was provost of the collegiate church of St Giles at Edinburgh.

VIII. THE ENGLISH ADVANCE AT FLODDEN

Canto vi, xix, xx. Marmion, on his journey from Tantallon to the English army, rests at Lennel on the Scottish bank of the Tweed, below Coldstream. From this point he sees, on the morning of 9 Sept. 1513, the English cross the Till at Twisel, close to its junction with the Tweed, and advance upon the Scottish army. James IV, on marching into England, had taken up his position on the hill of Flodden, a foot-hill of the Cheviots, which descend steeply into the broad valley of the Till on its western side. Surrey was encamped on Barmoor, the ridge which forms the eastern limit of the valley at this point. Instead of marching directly across the river, he moved his army down the right bank of the Till, and, by crossing the stream at Twisel, gained a position which cut off James' return to Scotland.

7. **the deep defile]** The Till at Twisel bridge flows through

a narrow wooded gorge. On the right bank, close to the bridge, rises the red sandstone cliff at the top of which is the ruins of the castle of Twisel, in its present state a comparatively modern building, begun by sir Francis Blake in 1770.

9. **airy**] Lofty, exposed to the air, as in l. 31 below.

15. **the sullen Till**] The Till runs sluggishly with a stream. A traditional rhyme contrasts its course with that of the Tweed:

Tweed says to Till,
'What gars ye rin sae still?'
Till says to Tweed,
'Though ye rin with speed,
And I rin slaw,
Yet where ye drown ae man,
I drown twa!'

16. **dim-wood**] Dim with wood.

25. **Saint Helen**] St Helen's well is a petrifying spring beneath a rock which rises near the bridge.

40. **the vain knight-errant**] Scott notes the weak point of the character of James IV, a knight in whom dreams of chivalry and romance took the place of aptitude for war. In the following lines, he contrasts him with the heroes who defeated English at Bannockburn in 1314—Robert Bruce, king of Scotland 1306 (l. 44), sir James Douglas, lord of Douglas, known as 'the good lord James' (l. 41), and sir Thomas Randolph, earl of March (l. 42). Randolph was famous for his exploit of the capture of Edinburgh castle by a night assault in March, 1312-3.

43. **Wallace wight**] Wight = strong, active, cf. note on p. 104. Sir William Wallace, the defender of the independence of Scotland against Edward I, was defeated at Falkirk in 1298, after maintaining irregular warfare for some time, was taken prisoner and executed at Westminster in 1305.

45. **Saint Andrew**] The patron saint of Scotland.

IX. THE DEATH OF MARMION

Canto VI, xxix-xxxii. For the circumstances, see introd. note, p. 118 above.

3. **Blount and Fitz-Eustace**, Marmion's two pages, had carried him out of the battle. In the next line Marmion recognises them with his returning senses.

10. **Dacre**] Lord Dacre commanded the reserve of the English cavalry at Flodden.

13. **Tunstall**] Sir Brian Tunstall of Thurland, Lancashire, called by Surrey (canto VI, xxiv), 'stainless knight,' and known as Tunstall the undefiled, 'one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden' (Scott).

15. **Edmund**] Sir Edmund Howard, son of the earl of Surrey, commanded the right wing of the army.

16. **The Admiral**] Thomas Howard, lord high admiral of England, eldest son of the earl of Surrey. He succeeded his father as duke of Norfolk in 1524.

17. **Stanley**] Sir Edward Stanley, fifth son of Thomas Stanley, first earl of Derby, the step-father of king Henry VII. He was placed in command of the English cavalry at Flodden with lord Dacre. He was created baron Monteagle in 1514 and died in 1523.

33. **variable**] Cf. Vergil, *Aen.* iv, 569-70: 'Varium et mutabile semper Femina.'

52. **some half-worn letters**] Scott imagined this inscription, a version of which has been carved over a spring in the neighbourhood of the battle-field, but in a situation which, considering the relative position of the English and Scottish armies, it is quite impossible to connect with this incident.

61. **shrieve**] Absolve after confession: cf. 'shrift,' l. 67 below.

65. **Constance**] Constance of Beverley, the nun who, betrayed by Marmion, had been immured at Lindisfarne.

80. **the dark presage**] Marmion alludes to the night in the inn at Gifford (canto III, xii), when Fitz-Eustace sang the song

'Where shall the lover rest' (p. 125 above). As Fitz-Eustace's Marmion seemed to hear a death-peal

Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul.

On asking the company what this meant, he was answered the Palmer with the words 'The death of a dear friend.' concluding words of the third stanza of Fitz-Eustace's song, & their foreboding meaning, ring in Marmion's ears as he (ll. 101, 102 below).

98. **A lady's voice]** See the previous note. In Marmion's dying ears, the voice of Constance, whose 'favourite roundelay' Fitz-Eustace had chosen as his song, sings the fatal words.

104. **Avoid thee, Fiend!]** The monk endeavours to exorcise the avenging spirit of Constance, which makes Marmion deaf to his consolations.

105. **sand]** The running sand in the hour-glass of the dying sinner's life.

106. **yon sign]** The stone cross on the hill where Marmion's death takes place.

120. **Chester]** The men of Cheshire, led in the victorious charge by sir Edward Stanley.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE

In *The Lady of the Lake*, begun at Ashestiel in the autumn of 1809, Scott left the theme of border warfare for a subject suggested by the romantic scenery of the southern Highlands of Scotland. This district had already furnished material for some of the most beautiful lyrics of Wordsworth, who had visited the Scottish lakes with his sister Dorothy and Coleridge in 1803; but to the general public it was still unknown country. Scott's poem appeared in May 1810. 'I do not recollect,' said Robert Cadell, publisher of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, 'that any of all the author's works was ever looked for with more intense anxiety, or that any one of them excited a more extraordinary sensation when it did appear. The whole country rang with the praises of the poem—crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till it

comparatively unknown; and as the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighbourhood was crammed with a constant succession of visitors.'

The date of the story is the reign of James V of Scotland, the son of the king who figures in *Marmion*, and the father of Mary queen of Scots. He was a year old at the time of his father's death: in 1528 he threw off the control of his step-father, Archibald, earl of Angus, the grandson of the Angus of *Marmion*, and ruled till 1542, when he died at Falkland palace of grief at the defeat of Solway moss.

The poem opens with the description of a stag-hunt in which a single rider, out-distancing the rest, enters the defile of the Trosachs, between Loch Achray and Loch Katrine. Here his horse, spent with the chase, dies, and the hunter, arriving on the shore of Loch Katrine, blows his bugle to summon any companion who may be near. In answer to his call, a boat puts off from an island in the lake. Ellen, the Lady of the Lake, thinking that the note is that of her father or her lover, Malcolm Græme, appears and finds the huntsman, whose coming has been prophesied by the harper Allan-Bane. She ferries him over to the island, where he is received in the rustic mansion by its mistress, dame Margaret, and announces himself under the title of the knight of Snowdown, James Fitz-James. Canto I, *The Chase*, ends with the uneasy dreams of the stranger, in whose mind the sight of a huge falchion hung among the weapons of the hall has awakened memories and forebodings. Canto II, *The Island*, opens with his departure and a conversation between Ellen and Allan-Bane, which discloses the main situation. Ellen is the daughter of the proscribed chief of the house of Douglas, who has found refuge upon the island under the protection of Roderick Dhu, chief of the Highland clan Alpine. Roderick is a suitor for the hand of Ellen, whose affections are fixed on Malcolm Græme. At the end of the conversation, Roderick himself arrives in his galley and shortly afterwards Douglas returns from hunting. He is accompanied by Malcolm, who has preserved him from discovery by the huntsmen on the mainland. In the evening, Roderick an-

nounces that the king, under pretext of a hunting expedition preparing to levy war on the Highland chiefs, and that Douglas has been recognised. He proposes, on condition of his marriage with Ellen, to invade the Lowlands, while Douglas guards mountain passes. Douglas refuses the proffered alliance, Roderick turns his anger on Malcolm. Douglas intervenes, stops the threatened fight, and Roderick tells Malcolm to accept his challenge to the king. Malcolm refuses his safe-conduct and swims away from the island, bent on a plan for rescuing Douglas from his dangerous exile.

In Canto III, *The Gathering*, Roderick Dhu, with preliminary ceremonies, sends his follower Malise with the fiery cross, summons of assemblage to the clan, ordering them to meet at Lanrick mead, at the north-west end of Loch Vennachar. Douglas and Ellen withdraw from the island to the Goblin cave in the hills. As Roderick is on his way to the place of muster, he finds Ellen singing her evening hymn to the Virgin. Canto IV, *Prophecy*, takes its name from the augury derived by Roderick's chaplain, the wizard-monk Brian, from the sacrifice of a bullock.

Which spills the foremost foeman's life,
That party conquers in the strife!

In the meantime, while the clan prepares for battle, and the women and children are sent for safety to the island in the boat of Katrine, Roderick has learned that a spy from the south has entered his territory under the guidance of a clansman named Murdoch, who has been charged to mislead him into an ambush. This spy he takes to be the 'foremost foeman' of the people. Warned of the approach of an army led by the earls of Mar and Mar, Roderick determines to await them in the Trossachs. The scene then changes to the Goblin cave and to another conversation between Ellen and the harper. Douglas has by this time left his retreat, and Ellen and Allan-Bane are alone. Allan-Bane is finishing the ballad of Alice Brand, the knight of Snowdoun, guided by Murdoch, appears before them. He has returned under the spell of Ellen's beauty to declare his love.

offer to take her in safety to Stirling. She declines his offer: her father is an outlaw and she loves none but Malcolm. She warns him of the danger he is in from his faithless guide; and he, realising that his suit is hopeless, leaves her, confiding to her a ring which he says that the king of Scots has given him as a reward for saving his life. The ring will be her passport to the monarch, who will grant her what boon she asks, in redemption of his pledge to the knight.

On leaving Ellen, Fitz-James enters the Trossachs, where he meets Blanche of Devan, a Lowland girl who has been carried off by Roderick on her wedding-day and has been driven mad by her misfortunes. Her wild songs and a sudden shout from his guide awaken his suspicions, hitherto neglected. He threatens Murdoch, who attempts to escape, but, after shooting an arrow and wounding Blanche instead of the knight, is overtaken and slain. Blanche, wounded to death, lays upon the knight the charge of avenging her and gives him a lock of her bridegroom's hair, which he twines with a tress of her own and places in his bonnet. He wanders on, until he comes upon a lonely watch-fire guarded by a clansman, in answer to whose challenge he proclaims himself a foe to Roderick. The mountaineer, recognising him as the foeman of Brian's prophecy but assured by his bold words that he is no spy, offers him the hospitality of his fire and plaid for the night and promises to guide him in safety next day to the outskirts of Roderick's camp. Next morning, at the beginning of canto v, *The Combat*, the two travel together by the side of Loch Vennachar. Fitz-James tells the highlander that his journey has been purely peaceful and that he knew nothing of the imminent battle: his only knowledge of Roderick till the day before has been that he is an outlaw, exiled for stabbing a knight at the regent Albany's court at Holyrood. The clansman defends Roderick's action: his forays into the Lowlands are merely just retribution for the encroachments of the Crown upon the property of the clans, who are driven for refuge into the barren Highlands; even if an ambush has been laid for a defenceless man, it is because the stranger has ventured to tread hostile soil without

warning, and because his life is forfeit to an augury. The knight accepts his words, but declares that he is bound to meet Roderick in combat and will come openly for that purpose, and that he longs for the hour of meeting Roderick and his clan. At these words the clansman whistles: a band of armed men springs up from behind the rocks and bushes; these, the clansman says, are the clan and he himself is Roderick. At a sign from their chieftain, the warriors disappear, and Roderick, in fulfilment of his promise, guides his guest as far as the outlet of the lake and there offers him single combat. Fitz-James points out to him that the augury has already been accomplished by the death of Murdoch: the foremost foeman has fallen, and Roderick's best course will be to come with him to the king at Stirling and ask for grace. Roderick, however, refuses to accept the death of a 'wretched kern' as a fulfilment of the prophecy, though it binds him to avenge his clansman. The fight then takes place, and Roderick is defeated and wounded. The knight blows his bugle: four esquires appear in answer, and they ride to Stirling castle with the wounded chieftain. As they climb the steep to the castle, they see a man mounting on foot behind them, whom Fitz-James recognises as the banished Douglas. He has come to court to deliver himself to his sovereign, after obtaining a promise of shelter for Ellen at Cambuskenneth abbey. But the day on which he arrives is a holiday in Stirling, when the burghers are holding sports in the castle park; and Douglas determines to shew his prowess at the games. Disowned by the king and courtiers, but admired by the crowd, he performs prodigies of strength and flings the gold which he wins to the people. The king, seeing the sports flag, lets loose a stag to be coursed by two greyhounds. Douglas' hound Lufra joins in the chase and brings down the stag. A groom strikes her; and Douglas in anger strikes him senseless with his gauntlet and declares himself to the king, offering himself as a hostage for his Highland entertainers. The king orders him to be taken prisoner to the castle, amid the murmurs of the crowd, whose rebellion is stilled by the entreaties of Douglas. While the king is disturbed by these events, he hears

the news of the rising of Clan-Alpine, which is said to be on behalf of Douglas, and sends to the earl of Mar to stop his advance, as both Roderick and Douglas are prisoners.

Night closes on canto v, amid confused rumours of battle. The sun rises on canto vi, *The Guard-room*, in which Ellen appears with the ring among the mercenary soldiers in the outer ward of the castle, accompanied by Allan-Bane and a Flemish archer, Bertram. She is taken to the king by the captain. Meanwhile Allan asks to see his chieftain and is conducted to the cell where, not Douglas, but Roderick lies. Dying of his wound and ignorant of what has happened since the single combat, Roderick demands news and bids the harper sing the story of the battle between his clan and the Lowlanders. Allan's song tells of the victorious advance of Mar and Moray through the Trossachs, of the last stand of the clan on the banks of Loch Katrine to protect the women and children upon the island, and of the arrival of king James' messenger with the flag of truce. As he concludes, Roderick dies and Allan breaks forth into a song of lament. The scene changes to the room where Ellen awaits her interview with the king. She hears a song of a prisoner in a neighbouring tower, in which her name occurs; and at this moment she is joined by Fitz-James, who takes her to the king. But in the presence-chamber, among the courtiers, she sees at first no king, until she realises that the knight of Snowdown, who remains uncovered, is the king himself. The poem ends with the restoration of Douglas to his title and estates, and the bestowal of Ellen's hand upon Malcolm Græme as the pledge redeemed by the ring.

The romance is entirely unhistorical, apart from its foundation upon legends regarding James V. The story of the banished Douglas is founded upon traditions of the youth of James Douglas, earl of Morton and regent of Scotland 1572-8, who was nephew of the fallen regent Angus; but the circumstances are quite out of keeping with actual events. Roderick Dhu is an entirely imaginary character. On the other hand, Scott took great pains to verify the topography of his poem; and its great charm lies in the beautiful and vivid descriptions of the scenery which is the

setting of the tale. *The Lady of the Lake* has less sustained vigour than *Marmion*: chivalry and battle are its episodes rather than its theme, and greater prominence is given to the sentimental element in the character of Ellen than to Clare in *Marmion*. The story, however, does not flag in interest: such episodes as the journey of the Fiery cross and Fitz-James' ride from Coilantog to Stirling have the inspired quality which Scott's love of his native land communicated to such passages; and the dramatic suspense which culminates in the disclosure, foreseen all along by the reader, of the identity of the knight of Snowdoun with the king of Scots, is maintained with an art which foreshadows Scott's later success as a novelist.

I. INVOCATION

From canto 1, ll. 1-27. Each canto of *The Lady of the Lake* opens with a passage in Spenserian stanza, prelude to the main subject, a device again employed by Scott in *The Lord of the Isles*. The invocation is addressed to the spirit of ancient Scottish ballad-poetry, symbolised by the harp to which the minstrel accompanied his song. Scott varies the narrative of *The Lady of the Lake*, as those of his other poems, by introducing lays and ballads at intervals in free imitation of the old type of lyric; and Allan-Bane, the Highland harper, plays a prominent part in the story.

2. **the witch-elm that shades St Fillan's spring]** Fillan's well is mentioned by Scott in *Marmion*, 1, xxix, with the note that several springs in Perthshire dedicated to St Fillan were, even after the reformation, held to have effect in cases of madness. Lunatics were 'left all night, bound to the holy stone in confidence that the saint would cure and unloose them before morning.' The most famous of these holy wells was in Glenchart, near Crianlarich in the south-west of Perthshire, where the Irish missionary St Fillan, abbot of Pittenweem in Fife, founded a monastery in the eighth century. Scott's choice of such a spot as the resting-place of the harp of the North is probably

allusion to the healing influence of poetry, typified by the wel
'whose spring,' as he says in *Marmion*,

can frenzied dreams dispel,
And the craz'd brain restore.

A witch- or wych-elm (O.E. *wice*) is an elm with drooping branches; but Scott appears to use the prefix in a double sense, referring to the magic qualities of the spring and the harp which he figures as hanging above it. Cf. 'magic maze' in l. 20 and 'wizard note' in l. 26, and see note on l. 5, p. 147 below.

3. **thy numbers flung**] The wind played through the strings of the harp, arousing fitful strains, until the ivy grew round and buried it.

10. **Caledon**] See note on l. 17 (no. IV), p. 111 above.

14. **each according pause**] Each pause in the song, at which the symphony played on the harp harmoniously echoes the melody.

20. **thy magic maze**] The variety of strings of the harp, from which the hand produces an endless combination of magic sounds, 'the wizard note' of l. 26.

II. THE TROSSACHS

From canto 1, xi-xiv, where Fitz-James' journey to Loch Katrine is described. A chain of three lakes, Loch Katrine, Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar, lies at the head-waters of the Teith, which joins the Forth near Stirling. Between Loch Katrine and Loch Achray is the narrow defile of the Trossachs, vividly described in these stanzas. It winds between the mountains of Ben A'an (l. 94) and Benvenue (l. 87)—'a rugged labyrinth of mounds and rocks, covered with the richest vegetation of oaks and pensile birch and rowans' (Murray's *Guide to Scotland*).

14. **Shinar's plain**] See Genesis xi. 2.

19. **pagod**] Pagoda or Eastern temple, usually a tall building of tapering or pyramidal shape, rising with fantastic effect.

20. **mosque**] Scott refers to the picturesque grouping of the cupolas and minarets of an Eastern mosque.

21. **earth-born castles**] Cf. the description in *The Brides*

of *Triermain*, i, xiii, of the Castle rock in the vale of St John near Keswick:

But, midmost of the vale, a mound
 Arose with airy turrets crown'd,
 Buttress, and rampire's circling bound,
 And mighty keep and tower;
 Seem'd some primeval giant's hand
 The castle's massive walls had plann'd,
 A ponderous bulwark to withstand
 Ambitious Nimrod's power.

25. **sheen]** Shining. The actual meaning of the word 'beautiful,' like the German *schön*: its transferred sense is due to a mistaken connexion with the verb 'to shine.'

29. **Boon]** Bounteous. Here again a slight confusion in sense has taken place between the adjective, which is equivalent similar to the French *bon* = good, kind, and the substantive 'boon' which means a prayer or gift.

36. **Emblems of punishment and pride]** The somber deadly nightshade is in Scott's imagination an emblem of punishment, with its poisonous fruit; the bright hues of the foxglove naturally suggest pride.

41. **warrior oak]** 'The builder Oake, sole king of forests all' (Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i, i, 8), where the enduring power of the oak and its use in building war-ships, both implied here in Scott, are referred to. Spenser, in the same passage (i, i, 9), applies the epithet 'warlike' to the beech. The allusion to ships of war is developed in 'Cast anchor' (l. 42).

44. **His shatter'd trunk]** Cf. Byron, *Childe Harold*, iv, x

But from their nature will the tannen grow
 Loftiest on loftiest and least sheltered rocks, etc.

48. **glist'ning streamers]** The boughs of the trees, shining in the sun and waving to and fro in the breeze, revealing mountain-peaks and the blue sky at intervals.

54. **A narrow inlet]** The upper end of the Trossachs is indented by a deep inlet of Loch Katrine, dividing into two

branches, the southern one of which is the outlet of the river, while the modern road ends at the foot of the northern. Fitz-James travelled along the bank of the northern branch and the main inlet until he came to the open lake opposite Ellen's isle.

68. **their parent hill]** Benvenue. The scene is described from the foot of Ben A'an.

75. **his ladder]** Scott says that, until a road was made through the Trossachs, the only exit was 'by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees.'

80. **Loch Katrine]** The name of the lake was derived, according to Scott, from the Gaelic word *ceathairne* or 'cateran,' originally meaning 'peasantry,' which, from the free-booting habits of the Highlanders, acquired the sense of 'marauder.'

85. **like giants]** Cf. Browning, *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came*, 190-1:

The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay.

90. **The fragments of an earlier world]** The *débris* of the mountain, representing its gradual decay through long eras.

III. ELLEN'S SONG

From canto 1, xxxi, xxxii. Sung by Ellen at the close of the evening spent by Fitz-James in the island, to the music of an unseen harp.

15. **pibroch]** War music played on the bagpipes: Gaelic *piobaireachd*.

19. **his drum]** The peculiar 'bumping' note of the bittern. The popular tradition was that the note was produced by the bittern putting its bill into a hollow reed, such as abound in the marshes where it made its home. Cf. Suckling, *Aglaure* iv, ii, 8.

34. **reveillé]** The bugle-note sounded at early morning to awaken (French *réveiller*) soldiers and huntsmen.

IV. BOAT SONG

From canto 11, xix, xx. Sung by the oarsmen as they ferry Roderick Dhu in his galley to the island. Scott imitated the

measure of the Highland boat-songs, sung in honour of a favour chief and 'so adapted as to keep time to the sweep of the oar. The metre is dactylic, i.e. a stressed syllable, at the point when the oars strike the water, is followed by two short or unstressed syllables.

2. **the ever-green Pine]** The emblem of Clan-Alpine. It will be noticed how the clansmen identify it, as savage tribes do, by identifying their totems, with the clan itself and Roderick with its chieftain. It is not merely an emblem, but contains the spirit of the clan and binds its members in special bonds of relationship.

3. **glances]** I.e. as the folds of the banner are moved by the wind.

10. The Gaelic title of the chieftain means 'Roderick black, son of Alpine.' Roderick derives his surname of *dhu* or black from his dark complexion. 'Ho! ieroe!' is merely the shout of the rowers in time with the oars.

12. **Beltane]** The festival of Beltane, which in some districts corresponded with Midsummer, is said by Pennant in his *Tour in Scotland* to have been held in the Highlands on the first of May when bonfires were lighted and the peasantry offered cakes of oatmeal to obtain safety for their crops and herds. The origin of the word is uncertain, but the second syllable is equivalent to the Celtic word for 'fire'; and the festival appears to have originated in pagan sacrifices to the sun when entering upon the summer solstice. Cf. *The Lady of the Lake*, II, xv:

when at Beltane game
Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme,

and *The Lord of the Isles*, I, viii: 'The shepherd lights his bonfire.' See also introd. note on no. III, p. 109 above.

18. **Menteith and Breadalbane]** The districts of Perthshire inhabited by the clan Alpine. Menteith is the south-west part of the county between the valley of the Forth and the headwaters of the Tay, bordering upon Stirlingshire. Breadalbane includes a large part of western and central Perthshire, north and east.

lenteith. They formed two of the old territorial divisions of which the modern Perthshire consisted, the others being Athol in the north, Methven and Perth in the south, and Gowrie and Stomont in the east and south-east.

21. **pibroch**] See note on l. 15, p. 141 above.

Glen Fruin] The Fruin water runs into Loch Lomond at its south-west corner. Glen Fruin was the scene of a battle between the Macgregors and Colquhouns in 1602-3, described by Scott in a note to the present passage. The Colquhouns were defeated with great bloodshed, and, according to one tradition, sir Humphrey Colquhoun, who had taken refuge in the castle of Ben-nachra or Bannochar (l. 22) in the glen, was dragged out and slaughtered by the victorious clan. The Macgregors were proscribed by James VI as a result of this conflict.

22. **slogan**] See note on l. 63, p. 105 above.

23. **Glen-Luss and Ross-dhu**] On the west side of Loch Lomond. Rossdhu (the black promontory) at the mouth of the Finlas water, two miles south of Luss, is the seat of the Colquhouns of Luss.

28. **Lennox and Leven-glen**] Lennox is the old division of Scotland corresponding to Dumbartonshire and a large part of Stirlingshire, with portions of the adjacent counties, and including most of Loch Lomond. The Leven is the river which forms the southern outlet of Loch Lomond and enters the Clyde at Dumbarton.

35. **some seedling gem**] The oarsmen allude to the prospect of a marriage between Roderick and Ellen.

V. THE FIERY CROSS

From canto III, xv-xviii. The cross of yew, smeared with the blood of a sacrificed goat, and with its ends charred with the flame of the sacrificial fire, is sent out as the summons of muster to Clan-Alpine. It is carried eastward from the island on Loch Katrine by Malise to Duncraggan, between Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar. Here he resigns it, as is told in the present passage, to Angus, who takes it to St Bride's chapel at the foot

of Loch Lubnaig and interrupts the marriage of Norman and Mary. Norman carries it northward and, turning westward from Strathgryre along Loch Voil and Loch Doine, bears it down Strathgartney, on the northern bank of Loch Katrine, to the original starting-point.

1. **the lake**] Loch Achray.

22. **coronach**] Gaelic *corranach* = a funeral song, literally, 'cry together.' Scott's poem *Glenfinlas; or Lord Ronald's Coronach* has its scene in this same district, Duncraggan being at the foot of Glen Finglas.

27. **font**] Fountain. Cf. *Marmion*, vi, xxxvii: 'her font stone.'

39. **correi**] Gaelic *coire* = a cauldron. Applied to a hollow in a mountain, 'the hollow side of the hill, where the game usually lies' (Scott).

40. **cumber**] Circumstances of trouble or perplexity.

47. **Stumah**] 'Faithful. The name of a dog' (Scott).

61. **Lanrick mead**] A flat meadow near the head of Loch Vennachar, lying south-east of Duncraggan.

VI. THE AMBUSCADE

From canto v, ix, x. The circumstances are summarised in the introductory note, pp. 135, 136 above. They follow upon Fitz James' words to his unknown guide:

For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
The rebel Chieftain and his band.

28. **Benledi's living side**] Ben Ledi (the hill of God) is the mountain which divides Loch Vennachar and the river Teich from Loch Lubnaig and the river Leny. The rivers meet at Callander, near the foot of the triangular promontory formed by the mountain. 'Living,' because the side of the mountain suddenly alive with Roderick's clansmen.

32. **Saxon**] Inhabitant of the Lowlands, of English stock, opposed to the Celtic Highlander north of the Forth.

58. **from...glaive, from targe and jack]** The glaive is the broadsword, the targe is the circular shield, which formed part of the Highlander's armour. The jack is the defensive coat, made of stuffed leather or other stout material, worn on the upper part of the body and frequently called the haketon (Fr. *hacqueton*).

VII. THE RIDE TO STIRLING

From canto v, xviii This fine example of Scott's power of describing swift movement, aided by his intimate knowledge and love of Scottish topography, follows the combat between Fitz-James and Roderick. Fitz-James and two of his esquires, De Vaux and Herries, ride in haste to take part in the games at Stirling, while Herbert and Luffness follow with the wounded Roderick. The route described follows the road from Coilantogle ford, at the foot of Loch Vennachar, where the riders cross the Teith (l. 15). The distance to Stirling is about eighteen miles. Scott tells us in his preface that he made a special journey to see whether it was possible to ride the distance in the time indicated in the poem, i.e. between about 10 a.m. and noon.

9. **armed]** With the spur.

16. **Carhonie]** Now called Gartchonzie, a little way below the ford.

21. **Torry and Lendrick]** On the Teith, between Callander and Doune. Lendrick, now called Lanrick, castle, is to be distinguished from Lanrick on Loch Vennachar (see note on l. 61, p. 144 above).

22. **Deanstown]** Deanston is south-west of Doune, which the riders passed on their left hand.

23. **the banner'd towers of Doune]** Doune castle, begun early in the fifteenth century by Robert, duke of Albany (d. 1420), brother of king Robert III, stands at the confluence of the Teith and Ardoch, eight miles from Stirling. On the execution of Murdoch, duke of Albany, in 1425, it passed to the Crown. Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry VIII, and wife of James IV, who held it by grant of her husband, married as her third husband Henry Stewart, lord Methven, to a younger brother of whom she

granted the castle. By the marriage of his descendant, the second lord Doune, with the daughter of the regent Moray, it passed into the hands of the earls of Moray.

25. **Blair-Drummond]** This and the places mentioned in ll. 26, 28 are country seats between Doune and Stirling. Ochtyre (l. 26) belonged to Scott's friend, John Ramsay. Kier (l. 28) is at some distance on the opposite side of the Teith, was the seat of the Stirlings: its 'lofty brow' was the site of an ancient castrum or fort (*caer*), from which it derived its name.

30. **Dark Forth]** The Forth is crossed just below its junction with the Teith, two miles above Stirling.

33. **Craig-Forth]** An isolated hill of ironstone rock on the right bank of the Forth, west of Stirling.

35. **Grey Stirling]** The town of Stirling occupies the site of a high rock of basalt, on the summit of which is the castle. King James V was born in Stirling castle and, towards the close of his reign, began the royal palace within its walls. The importance of Stirling in Scottish history is expressed in l. 34: it was the key to the Highlands on the one hand, while, on the other hand, it formed, as at the time of the battle of Bannockburn, a formidable bar to English invasion.

VIII. ALLAN-BANE'S LAMENT

From canto vi, xxii. Sung by the harper beside the corpse of Roderick Dhu in his prison at Stirling.

3. **Breadalbane's boast]** See note on l. 18, p. 142 above.

Clan-Alpine's shade] See note on l. 2, p. 142 above.

4. **requiem]** A mass for the dead, so called from the first word of the introit, *Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine* (Give them eternal rest, O Lord).

6. **Bothwell's house]** See note on l. 56, p. 128 above. It was here that James makes the banished Douglas head of his family and lord of Bothwell, for which he had no authority in history.

24. **Even she]** I.e. Ellen.

IX. LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN

From canto vi, xxiv. Malcolm Græme, a ward of the Crown of Scotland, has escaped to the Highlands and spent his unlicensed liberty with the fugitives on the island. On his voluntary return to Stirling to plead their cause, he is imprisoned in the castle, and Ellen, while waiting for her interview with the king, overhears him singing this song.

10. **yon deep steeple]** The steeple of the Greyfriars church, which stands at the head of the town of Stirling, below the esplanade of the castle.

X. FAREWELL

The concluding stanzas of *The Lady of the Lake* resume the theme of the opening invocation: see notes on p. 138 above.

5. **thy wizard elm]** The phrase confirms the double sense of 'witch-elm' in the invocation which preludes the poem: see note on l. 2, p. 138 above, and cf. 'witch-note' in l. 26 below.

13. **an idle lay]** William Morris, in the envoi to *The Earthly Paradise*, addresses his book of romantic poetry in similar terms:

I love thee, whatso time or men may say
Of the poor singer of an empty lay.

EXTRACTS FROM ROKEBY

Rokeby, Scott's fourth romance in verse, was published in January 1813, with a dedication to his friend John Bacon Sawrey Morritt, the owner of the estate which gives its name to the poem. The village and park of Rokeby, the old pronunciation of which, now dying out, is 'Rookby,' are on the south bank of the Tees, 3½ miles south-east of Barnard Castle. The western boundary of the park is formed by the river Greta, which joins the Tees at its foot. Scott first visited Rokeby in June 1809: he described it as 'one of the most enviable places I have ever seen, as it unites the richness and luxuriance of English vegetation with the romantic variety of glen, torrent, and copse, which dignifies our northern scenery.' He disclosed his plan for the poem to Morritt in a letter written on 20 Dec. 1811; and during its composition

he was supplied by Morritt with much local and historical information.

The date of the story is July 1644. On 3 July, the battle Marston moor had been fought. The knight of Rokeby has joined the royal army, while his brother-in-law, Philip of Mortham, the owner of an estate upon the side of the Greta, has fought with Fairfax upon the side of the parliament. Oswald Wycliffe, who holds Barnard Castle for the parliament, is next heir to Mortham and has bribed a soldier of fortune, Bertram Risingham, who is an old companion of Mortham's in foreign travel and is fighting under his command, to kill him treacherously. Bertram arrives at Barnard Castle by night, where Oswald is anxiously awaiting him. He has slain Mortham in the confusion of the battle, while the parliamentary forces were broken by prince Rupert's charge and has escaped before the issue is certain. The lands of Mortham go to Oswald, while Bertram claims the hidden treasure brought by Philip from his wanderings in South America. Unwilling to trust his accomplice, he proposes to seek the treasure and to take it with him to his home in Northumberland. Oswald sends with him as a guide his own son and heir Wilfrid, a poetic youth, who, by his father's design and his own inclination, is a suitor for the hand of Matilda, the heiress of Rokeby. In canto II Bertram and Wilfrid set out together. In the dark glen of the Greta Bertram realises that they are being dogged and pursues the form of the follower up the steep bank below Mortham tower. The figure vanishes, and, beside the tomb which is supposed to contain the treasure, Bertram first ascribes his vision to the ghost associated with the place, and then, struck by conscience, reveals the fact that the shape was that of Mortham himself, and that he has slain him. Wilfrid, horror-stricken, calls for help and draws his sword upon Bertram, but is saved from his enemy by the sudden interposition of Mortham, who is really alive. Mortham allows Bertram to escape, but charges Wilfrid to keep his secret and disappears. Meanwhile, news has come to Barnard Castle that the king has lost the day and the knight of Rokeby has been sent as a prisoner to Oswald's charge. As Wilfrid sits

alone in the early summer morning before the deserted Mortham tower, Oswald and his men, with whom is the messenger Redmond, Rokeby's page, arrive. Wilfrid tells his father of Bertram's confession and escape. Oswald says that pursuit is vain; but Redmond, in spite of the hostility between Mortham and Rokeby, leads some of his followers to track the fugitive, and Oswald feels himself forced to promise a reward to the slayer of Bertram, who must not be brought back alive. He is relieved to see them return without result, and tells Wilfrid the news of Rokeby's capture. The prisoner's ransom is to be the marriage of Matilda to the heir of Wycliffe.

Canto III follows the fortunes of Bertram. Hard beset by his pursuers and harbouring thoughts of revenge against Oswald, Wilfrid and Redmond, he is lying hidden in the woods of Scargill beside the Greta, when he meets another ruffian, Guy Denzil, formerly one of Rokeby's men-at-arms, and now the captain of a band of freebooters who make their head-quarters in a cave in Brignall banks, just across the river. Here Denzil guides Bertram, and, amid the revelry of their companions, reveals to him that the treasure of Mortham is no longer there. Mortham, in his widowed solitude, has learned to confide in his niece Matilda and has made her heiress to his treasure, which is now in a vault at Rokeby. They plan an attack upon the house, to carry off Matilda and the plunder. A spy brings the news that Matilda has been seen in the glen of Thorsgill, attended by Wilfrid and Redmond.

The scene in canto IV changes to Thorsgill, and a digression explains the origin of the page Redmond O'Neale, the grandson of an Irish chieftain. During the rebellion of the O'Neales, the grandfather had taken sir Richard Rokeby and Mortham prisoners and treated them kindly; and at the end of his life he sent the boy to England, to be brought up by Rokeby. Matilda and Redmond were educated together and are in love with each other; but, when Oswald first pressed his son's suit, sir Richard favoured it and the two lovers were separated. On the outbreak of war, however, Rokeby swore that no rebel's son should wed his heir, and Redmond has behaved gallantly beside his master

at Marston moor. In Thorsgill Matilda tells Redmond and Wilfrid the story of the treasure confided to her charge by Mortham; and he reads them, from a scroll which he has given her, the narrative of his tragic life, the tale of his false friend, his accidental murder of his own wife with the shaft levelled at her supposed lover, the abduction of his infant son, his wanderings abroad and his return to avenge his wife's death upon the traitor. Mercy, however, prevailed over vengeance, and the scroll concludes with the commission of the treasure to Matilda in trust for his lost heir: if it is unclaimed within three years, it will pass to her unconditionally. During part of the tale, Bertram and Denzil have been lying hid close by, and twice a chance movement of Matilda has shielded Redmond from Bertram's carbine. They hear the armed force in the dell and go back to their cave without hearing the end of Mortham's scroll. Matilda, determining that her father is with her father in captivity, entrusts the treasure to Wilfrid. The soldiers who now arrive have been opportunely told of the ambush laid by the freebooters and have come out of their hiding to bring help. The carbine, left behind by Bertram and Denzil, is discovered; and, while Matilda goes to Rokeby under Redmond's escort, Wilfrid goes to find men to help him convey her and her treasure to Barnard Castle.

In canto v Wilfrid arrives at Rokeby by moonlight: he and Redmond have laid aside their rivalry to join in aiding Matilda. A wandering harper comes to the hall-door. In spite of the porter's unwillingness, Matilda and the two youths, lovers of music and poets themselves, admit him to the hall, where he appears before the household. He is actually Edmund of Winston, the youngest and most daring of Denzil's band, whose songs have been heard already in canto iii. Matilda takes the harp and bids a farewell to Rokeby, which causes Edmund to relent. He dares not to give the signal for the robbers and tries to gain time for Wilfrid's men to arrive. But Bertram is already in the hall with his band. In the confusion which follows, Wilfrid carries Matilda to safety through a secret passage to the wood outside, but returns to seek and help Redmond. A furious fight takes place in

hall between the robbers and the troops from Barnard Castle. Wilfrid is wounded, but Redmond leads the rescuers to victory: Denzil and Edmund are taken alive, the rest of the marauders are slain except Bertram, who once more escapes through the thick of his enemies. While the castle of Rokeby, set on fire, is toppling to ruin, Redmond rides to Barnard Castle with Matilda and the almost lifeless Wilfrid.

Three nights later, in canto vi, Edmund, who has escaped from imprisonment, makes his way back to the robbers' cave. Here he digs in the floor and, as he unearths and opens a steel casket, his shoulder is seized by Bertram, who compels him to tell the story of his escape. Edmund has been freed by the treachery of Oswald Wycliffe, who, anxious to get Rokeby more closely into his power, has suborned Denzil and Edmund to bear witness to a supposed royalist conspiracy for seizing Barnard Castle. Rokeby, hitherto a prisoner at large, has been thrown into chains, and Oswald has ordered all suspected cavaliers to appear next day at noon in the abbey church of Egglestone at the foot of Thorsgill. But, while Oswald is giving these commands, a letter has been brought him, in which he reads that Mortham is still alive. The letter upbraids him with his treachery, but Mortham will allow Oswald to have his lands, provided that Oswald restores him his heir. At this point, Denzil discloses the fact that Redmond is the heir of Mortham. His mother was an O'Neale: his Irish grandfather took him away and sent him back to Rokeby. The proof is the casket which Denzil found on the night when Redmond was brought to the hall. Edmund, whom Denzil alleges to be his son and gives as a pledge for his own safety, has been sent to find the casket and to deliver a treacherous letter from Wycliffe to Mortham in his hiding-place. Bertram takes the letter from Edmund and tears it in pieces; but Edmund has already determined to tell Mortham the truth, and has very little care for the safety of the ruffian Denzil, whose life depends upon him. Bertram, who has been throughout the tool of Oswald in his designs on Mortham, now will do all he can to undo the wrong. He will not look upon Mortham's face, but sends him a message

of repentance and tells him to get together his troops at Richmond and lead them to meet Oswald at Egglestone. Meanwhile, Oswald has discovered that Denzil, in declaring Edmund his son, lied to him, and suspects that Edmund has been sent to Wymotham of the truth. He orders Denzil to execution and flatters himself that he can outwit any attempt on Wymotham's part. A scaffold has been reared at Egglestone abbey, on which Rokeby and Redmond will suffer, unless Matilda consents to marry Wilfrid. But Rokeby, face to face with death, refuses to countenance his daughter's marriage with the son of a traitor; and, when Redmond offers his own life as a substitute for Rokeby's, Matilda casts the burden of her decision upon Wilfrid, who generously surrenders his suit and dies at her feet. Oswald, with his hopes thus baffled, in fury orders the instant death of Rokeby and Redmond; but at this point Bertram rides into the abbey ruins and shoots his former accomplice. He himself is borne down and killed by Wycliffe's men; and, now that Nemesis has done her work and every obstacle is removed, Wymotham arrives to get his lost son; and, in the course of the next month, Redmond and Matilda are betrothed.

Scott, in his preface to the edition of 1830, recognised that comparative failure of *Rokeby* was due, in the first place, to the fact that the public was less interested in Cavaliers and Roundheads than in Highlanders, and, secondly, to the want of novelty in the form of the poem. The popularity of *Rokeby* has never been great: the story, though well planned, is unreal and its characters conventional; and the verse is fluent to the point of being untinted. In two points, however, it preserves the level of earlier narratives. Its descriptive and landscape passages are beautiful and faithful, and it contains some of the lightest and most graceful lyrics which Scott wrote.

I. DAWN AND SUNRISE

From canto II, i-iii. The dawn of the morning when Bertram, guided by Wilfrid, is on his way to Wymotham, described from the neighbourhood of Barnard Castle. The castle, which gives

name to the town, is on the edge of a steep cliff on the left bank of the Tees, in county Durham. It was founded by Bernard Baliol in the twelfth century, from whom it derived its title of Bernard's castle. In 1644, the date of the poem, it had been dismantled for some years: it then belonged to sir Henry Vane, the owner of Raby castle, whose grandson Christopher was created baron Barnard of Barnard Castle. The property and title descended to his heirs, represented by the present lord Barnard.

6. **Brusleton and Houghton height**] The hills of Brusselton and Houghton (Houghton-le-Side) are some ten to twelve miles north-east of Barnard Castle, between Darlington and Bishop Auckland.

7. **the rich dale**] The broad expanse of lower Teesdale, which widens out below Barnard Castle and Rokeby.

11. **Stanmore**] The bleak ridge of Stainmore common—the stony moor—which, rising west of Barnard Castle, divides the valley of the Tees from that of the Eden.

12. **Lunedale wild**] The Lune rises in Lune forest, at the foot of Mickel Fell, and enters the Tees near Middleton-in-Teesdale, north-west of Barnard Castle. Kelton Fell is on the south side of Lunedale.

13. **Gilmanscar**] Near Gilmonby, in the parish of Bowes.

14. **Arkingarth**] Arkengarthdale moor is south of Stainmore, and forms its continuation, separating the basin of the Tees from the valley of the Swale. The view, as described, embraces an amphitheatre of hills from the Lune on the north-west to the Swale on the south-west.

15. **a livelier twilight**] The twilight of dawn, with its promise of the coming day, following the uncertain light which heralds daybreak.

16. **banner'd walls**] Cf. 'the banner'd towers of Doune,' l. 23, p. 145 above, and *Bridal of Triermain*, I, xiii: 'But the grey walls no banners crown'd.'

26. **Brackenbury's dungeon-tower**] For 'dungeon-tower' see note on 'the donjon keep,' l. 4, p. 119 above. Brackenbury's tower is a rectangular tower on the outer wall of the castle en-

closure, on the side next the town. It belongs to the earliest part of the castle, but was not the 'dungeon-tower' or keep. Robert Brackenbury, killed at Bosworth, was a favourite of Richard III, who succeeded to Barnard Castle by his marriage with Anne Neville and did much to repair it.

30. **That mighty trench of living stone]** The Tees 'flows in a deep trench of solid rock, chiefly limestone and marble' (Scott).

38. **marble grey]** Scott quotes Leland's mention of marble in the gorge of the Tees at Egglestone, which was quarried by local 'marblers,' who partly wrought it and partly sold it unwrought to others.

43. **Staindrop]** Staindrop, in co. Durham, is a village five miles east of Barnard Castle, on the road to Darlington on the edge of the park of Raby castle. The brook is called Langley beck. The church of Staindrop was made collegiate by Ralph Neville, first earl of Westmorland, the Westmoreland Shakespeare's *Henry V*, whose beautiful monument is in the south aisle.

44. **Raby's battled towers]** For 'battled' see note on p. 119 above. The magnificent castle of Raby, on the northern slope of the vale of Tees, overlooking 'the rich dale' of l. 7 above, was one of the chief strongholds of the Nevilles, who forfeited it by the attainder of the sixth earl of Westmorland in 1569. It was bought from the Crown by sir Henry Vane in the time of James I and the building, a great part of which is of the fourteenth century, is still inhabited by his descendants.

45. **Egglestone]** Egglestone abbey, the ruins of which are on the right bank of the Tees, south-east of Barnard Castle, was founded for Premonstratensian canons in the twelfth century. The 'rural brook' is the Thorsgill beck, which meets the Tees here. See note on l. 50 below.

46. **Balder]** The Balder rises in Stainmore and joins the Tees midway between Barnard Castle and Middleton-in-Tees. Balder was the mythical Scandinavian sun-god, the son of Odin, slain by the mistletoe shaft with which his blind brother Loki had been armed by the treacherous Lok.

47. **Greta]** The Greta, which also rises in Stainmore, enters the Tees at the foot of Rokeby park. The meeting of the rivers is the subject of one of Turner's beautiful drawings of Yorkshire scenery, which illustrate Whitaker's *History of Richmondshire*.

49. **Lune]** See note on l. 12 above.

50. **Thorsgill]** Scott had already accounted for the Thorsgill beck in l. 45 above. It is possible that in that passage he confounded Egglestone with Cotherstone (the stone of St Cuthbert, one of the traditional resting-places of the saint's coffin: see note on ll. 3-26, p. 123 above), which is north of Barnard Castle, and may have been thinking of the local stream, the Crook beck.

52. **Deepdale]** The Deepdale beck, flowing through a narrow wooded glade, joins the Tees just above Barnard Castle.

53. **dim-wood glen]** Cf. l. 16, p. 130 above.

54. **Roslin's magic glade]** The glen of the North Esk at Rosslyn: see introd. note and note on l. 32, pp. 112, 113 above. Scott, writing to George Ellis, 8 July, 1809, says: 'The banks of the Tees resemble, from the height of the rocks, the glen of Roslin, so much and justly admired.'

57. **Cartland's Crag]** Cartland crags are a series of precipitous rocks in the gorge of the Mouse water, a tributary of the Clyde, close to Lanark. They are well described by Dorothy Wordsworth in her *Journals*: she visited them with her brother and Coleridge on 21 Aug. 1803.

59. **Albin]** Scotland. Albin=the mountainous country. Scott implies that, though the scenery of Teesdale may be as beautiful as that of Scotland, yet it lacks the unique charm of his native land, where 'every field has its battle, and every rivulet its song.'

64. **thy champion brave]** William Wallace, who, at the beginning of his exploits against England, took refuge from the governor of Lanark among the caves of Cartland crags. See Scott, *Tales of a Grandfather*, series 1, ch. vii.

II. EDMUND'S SONGS

From canto III, xvi-xviii, xxviii, xxx. Sung by the yo
outlaw, Edmund of Winston, in the cave on Brignall banks.

(1)

1. **Brignal banks]** The wooded left bank of the Gr
The village of Brignal stands above the river, about a mile f
Greta Bridge, famous in Dickens' *Nicholas Nickleby*, which i
the south-east corner of Rokeby park.

2. **Greta woods]** The right bank of the Greta, oppo
Brignal, is covered with the woods of Scargill, mentioned
Macaulay's lines on the exiled cavalier, who

Heard in Laverna Scargill's whispering breeze,
And pin'd by Arno for his lovelier Tecs.

5. **Dalton-hall]** Dalton is a village about six miles so
of Rokeby.

14. **town]** In the old sense of 'an inhabited place,' app
to any village irrespective of its size. Cf. Chaucer, *Cant. T.*
A 478: 'a povre Persoun of a toun.' 'Tower and town' l
represent civilised life as opposed to the freebooter's haunt
'dale and down.' Scott used the phrase 'tower and town' :
conventional ornament: e.g. *Marmion*, I, xi: 'Tamworth to
and town'; *Bridal of Triermain*, I, xvii: 'Carlisle tower and to'

27. **ranger]** An official sworn to range, i.e. walk abou
park, in order to prevent trespass. At a hunt the ranger's d
was to beat the woods for a deer and report where he had loc
or harboured one.

37. **musketoon]** Fr. *mousqueton*, a small musket or ha
gun, shorter in the barrel than an ordinary musket.

41. **tuck]** The beat of a drum, from *loquer*, a variant of
toucher.

43. **when the beetle sounds his hum]** I.e. at nightfall.
Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, III, ii, 42:

ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal.

47. **mickle]** Much.

51. **The fiend]** Will o' the wisp.

(2)

The song was suggested to Scott by a reminiscence of an old Jacobite ballad, the third stanza of which, borrowed in ll. 15-20, runs:

He turn'd him round and right about,
All on the Irish shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore,
My dear!

Adieu for evermore!

7. **the Lincoln green]** The colour of the doublet worn by huntsmen and foresters. Cf. *The Lady of the Lake*, iv, xvi: 'His hunting suit of Lincoln green.'

12. **fain]** Fain to burst into flower.

(3)

1. **Allen-a-Dale]** I.e. Allen of the Dale. English surnames such as Dale, Moore, are abbreviated forms of 'o' the Dale,' 'o' the Moor,' in which they frequently occur in old documents.

7. **The Baron of Ravensworth]** Ravensworth castle, between Richmond and Barnard Castle, was the seat of the Fitzhughs. It came by marriage in the reign of Henry VII to the family of Fiennes, lords Dacre of the South (l. 12); but they had ceased to own it a century before the date of *Rokeby*.

8. **Arkindale]** Arkengarthdale. See note on l. 14, p. 153 above.

13. **belted]** The sword-belt or cincture was one of the insignia of an earl and a knight.

18. **Rere-cross on Stanmore]** The Rey-cross or Rere-cross is a fragment of an old cross beside the Roman road which crosses Stainmore forest, close to the border-line of Yorkshire and Westmorland. The name is said to mean the King's cross, and, according to one tradition, it was originally put up in the

eleventh century to mark the boundary between England and the district conquered by Malcolm Canmore.

21. **Richmond]** Richmond castle, on a cliff above the Swale, was founded by Alan, earl of Brittany, to whom the Conqueror granted the great tract of land, comprising north-east Yorkshire and parts of Cumberland, Westmorland and Lancashire, which was known as Richmondshire or the honour of Richmond.

III. THORSGILL

From canto iv, i—iii. See notes on ll. 45, 50, pp. 154, 155 above.

1. **Denmark's raven]** The raven was the standard of the Danish leaders Hingwar and Hubba. The Danes invaded Northumbria in 867, conquering the district east of the Pennine chain.

4. **Reged]** The Celtic name for the district west of the Pennine chain, which remained unconquered by the Danes, and was a debatable land until it was granted by William I to Malcolm Canmore, who did fealty for it to him. See note on l. 18, p. 155 above. Cf. *Bridal of Triermain*, I, xi: 'the harpers of Reged.'

8. **Caldron and High-Force]** Caldron Snout, on the border of Yorkshire, Westmorland and Cumberland, is a narrow sloping chasm through which the Tees forces its way in a long water slide and cataract between basalt rock. High Force, six mile further down the river, is the waterfall over which the river escapes from the moors into the dale above Middleton.

10. **Runic]** Runes (literally whisperings) is the name applied to the characters used in Scandinavian and certain Old English inscriptions. Cf. Wordsworth, *Joanna*, 28; 'a Runic Priest,' and see note in *Selections from Wordsworth*, pp. 119–20.

13. **Balder]** See note on l. 46, p. 154 above.

15. **Woden's Croft]** Woden Croft is a farm on the right bank of the Tees, above its confluence with the Balder.

16. **the stern Father of the Slain]** Odin, to whose hall or Valhalla the slain in battle were borne by the Valkyries, the 'choosers of the slain.' See Gray's poem, *The Fatal Sisters*.

17. **the Mace]** The hammer of Thor, the son of Odin and god of thunder.

19. **Sifla]** Sif, the wife of Thor.

20. **Stratforth]** Now called Startforth, opposite Barnard Castle, on the right bank of the Tees. The name is the same as Stratford, the ford on the street or Roman road, which ran from the great northern road near Bishop Auckland to join the western road over Stainmore and crossed the Tees at Barnard Castle.

23. **Scald or Kemper]** A scald was a Scandinavian minstrel. A kemper is a soldier or fighting-man, more usual in the form 'kemp.' Cf. the ballad of *King Estmere* in Percy's *Reliques*, l. 126:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With kempès many a one,

and l. 215: 'Downe then came the kemperye man.'

34. **rath]** More usually 'rathe.' Early: 'rather' is the comparative of the kindred adverb 'rathe.'

38. **Oberon]** The allusions in this and the following lines are to the fairy *dramatis personae* of Shakespeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

59. **Urbino]** Raffaello Sanzio (1483-1520), born at Urbino in the Italian marches. Cf. Browning, *Andrea del Sarto*, 105: 'The Urbinate who died five years ago.' Scott compares the variety of the trees in the wood to the masterly grouping of figures in Raffaello's famous cartoon of St Paul preaching at Athens, one of the series executed for pope Leo X in 1515 and 1516, as designs for tapestries. Seven out of the ten cartoons, including this one, were in Charles I's collection at Hampton court palace, and were removed in 1865 to the South Kensington museum.

IV. EVENING

From canto v, i, ii. Towler or Toller hill, from which the view is described, is a hill round which the river bends on the right bank of the Tees, a mile and a half above Barnard Castle.

7. **the tower of Bowes]** The village of Bowes stands, from 900 to 1000 feet above the sea, on the eastern slope of Bowes moor, part of Stainmore forest, four miles W.S.W. of Barnard Castle. It is the site of the Roman station of Lavatrae, near the

junction of the Roman road mentioned in the note on l. 20, p. . above, with the main western road which comes through Roke and crossed Stainmore to Brough in Westmorland. The tower Bowes is a great rectangular keep, the only remaining portion a stronghold of the earls of Brittany and Richmond (see note l. 21, p. 158 above), probably built in the later part of the twelfth century.

22. **Her guardian streams]** The Greta and the Tees.

EXTRACTS FROM THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMALN

The Bridal of Triermaln; or, The Vale of St John: a Lover's Tale was written by Scott contemporaneously with *Rokeby* and published anonymously about the same time. It is a romantic lay supposed to be sung by an imaginary minstrel, Arthur, to lady-love Lucy. The scene is laid in Cumberland, a district which already had provided abundant material for Wordsworth and Coleridge and had been visited by Scott in the summer of 1793 when he met his future wife at Gilsland.

Sir Roland de Vaux, the baron of Triermaln, near Gilsland, has a vision of a lady with an eagle's feather in her hair whom he determines to make his bride. He sends his page Henry to seer Lyulph, whose traditional dwelling was on the banks of Ullswater, to discover whether she is mortal and may be won. Lyulph tells a tale which fills the greater part of canto I and canto II. She is Gyneth, the daughter of king Arthur and Guinevere, the lady of the magic castle in the vale of St John near Keswick. Taught by her mother, she appeared at Arthur's court at Carlisle and demanded his protection. He promised her hand to the winner of a tournament, as he had previously sworn to her mother that his knights should battle for her a whole summer day; but, repenting of his decision, asked her to stop the fight when it grew too hot and accept a bridegroom of his choice. She, however, refused to comply; and the fight which followed ended in the slaughter of many of the best knights of the Round Table.

Merlin condemned Gyneth for her disastrous pride to sleep in the vale of St John until a knight, as bold as any of Arthur's, comes to awake her. She has appeared in visions to many knights, who have undertaken the quest of finding her in her hidden castle, but hitherto none has been worthy. In canto III, sir Roland goes to keep vigil in the vale of St John beside the castle-like rock which is Gyneth's enchanted abode. One night he has a fleeting vision of the castle, but in the morning he sees only the heaped rocks of the mysterious mound. A second mocking vision, seen through mist, rouses his anger. Flinging his axe at a crag, he breaks away a fragment of rock and discovers a winding stair which leads him to a place where he sees the castle before him in substantial form. He breaks open the door, which is closed behind him by an unseen arm, swims the inner moat and passes through the deserted hall to a gallery where his way is barred by four Lybian damsels, each holding a tiger in leash. He encounters this ordeal safely, and, having conquered danger, refuses the temptations of wealth, pleasure and pride of empire, offered by further bands of damsels as he pursues his quest. Followed by songs of praise from his temptresses, he at last enters the bower where Gyneth sleeps. As she wakes, the magic castle crumbles to pieces, and he bears her home as his mortal bride.

On its first appearance, the poem was generally regarded as an imitation of Scott by an unknown writer, a mystification which was helped by the previous appearance of anonymous fragments, purporting to be imitations of living writers, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1809. The magic setting of the tale differentiates it from Scott's previous romances in verse and from *Rokeby*, and the metre is more broken and varied than in the poems written after *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*; but the purely chivalric passages, the detailed descriptions and the spirited stanzas in which Scott employs his knowledge of local topography with his usual skill justify Lockhart's praise of the poem. 'His genius pervades and animates it beneath a thin and playful veil, which perhaps adds as much of grace as it takes away of splendour...and I think there is at once a lightness and

a polish of versification beyond what he has elsewhere attained (*Life of Scott*, ch. xxv). Lockhart objected, however, with some justice to 'the contemptuous satire of the frivolities of modern life' in the introductions to the cantos.

I. THE MAGIC CASTLE

From canto 1, xiii-xv. Lyulph tells the story of Arthur's journey 'from merry Carlisle, when Pentecost was o'er,' in search of adventure. The vale of St John, down which the St John Beck flows from its source in Thirlmere to join the Glenderamal at Threlkeld, is at the northern end of Thirlmere. The Castle rock on which Scott founded his tale, is not far from the lake, near the main road from Ambleside to Keswick.

7. **rampire]** Rampart, in its earliest sense an artificial mound or embankment of earth made for military purposes, a term applied later to the stone defences raised on such mounds. In Lincolnshire the main road from Lincoln to the Humber, which follows the line of the old Roman military road, is called the 'Ramper,' and the word 'ramper' is commonly used for any main road, by association with the older military highways. In the present case, the rampire is the curtain wall encircling a castle.

8. **keep]** See note on l. 27, p. 110 above.

12. **Nimrod]** See Genesis x. 8-10.

14. **balanc'd]** Drawbridges across moats were usually raised and lowered by weights and pulleys, the beams of the bridge working on pivots fixed in the ground just outside the gatehouse of the castle. When the drawbridge was not in use, it was drawn up and left leaning at an angle above the moat. In this instance Scott makes the drawbridge depend from balance-beams (l. 61) fixed above the castle gateway.

18. **prong'd portcullis]** The portcullis (Fr. *porte* = a door and *coulisse* = a groove), which protected the timber doorway of a castle, was a movable framework of iron bars like a gridiron, the vertical bars of which ended in spikes. It was fixed in grooves on the sides of the gateway and was worked up and down by

windlass on the upper floor of the gatehouse. See ll. 59, 60 below.

20. **no banners]** See note on l. 16, p. 153 above.

33. **battled]** Embattled, as in l. 4, p. 119 above, and frequently in Scott's poems.

46. **the wold]** 'Wold' is used in its old sense of an open and uncultivated tract of country, the old English *weald* (cf. German *Wald*). Cf. *The Lord of the Isles*, I, xxvi: 'Shunn'd by the pilgrim on the wold.' The word is now applied to hilly land, just as the synonym 'forest' has generally lost its sense of bareness and uncultivation; but it was originally used of a barren tract of land, irrespective of height or undulation.

51. **the blessed rood]** The cross (old English *ród*), the emblem borne by Arthur on his shield.

63. **The vaulted arch]** The stone-vaulted passage through the ground-floor of the gatehouse.

66. **Caliburn]** Excalibur, Arthur's magic sword.

II. THE ENCHANTED GOBLET

From canto II, viii-x. Arthur departs from the magic castle, where for three months he has been subject to the enchantment of Guendolen.

9-11. The construction is loose and rather awkward. The sense is, of course, 'the Lybian steed of Arthur, who had doffed his luxurious Persian garments, and was clad in steel armour,' etc. 'Lybian' is incorrect spelling for 'Libyan,' i.e. African, Arab.

14. **pleasures by]** Pleasures past. The sigh is one of penitence mingled with regret that his pleasure has come to an end.

32. **Genii]** Spirits, the *djinn*s or genies of eastern mythology. The magic element in Scott's legend, within its outer covering of a medieval castle, is coloured by reminiscences of eastern story and resembles the setting of a tale in the *Arabian Nights* or of Beckford's romance *Vathek*.

49. **the reed]** The arrow: cf. the similar use of Lat. *arundo* = a reed, arrow.

57. **donjon]** See note on l. 4, p. 119 above.

III. THE DEFENCELESS BORDER

From canto III, i. Sir Roland de Vaux, preoccupied with quest of which he has learned the secret from Lyulph's tale, leaves Triermain and wanders round the enchanted rock in vale of St John. Meanwhile the Border is powerless to defend itself against Scottish raids.

1. **Bewcastle]** Bewcastle, famous for the Anglian cross in its churchyard, is the moorland parish north of Triermain, bordering on Scotland. The Hold is the castle from which the parish takes its name, said to have been founded soon after the conquest by Bueth, lord of Gilsland, and dismantled during the civil war.

2. **Speir-Adam]** Spadeadam waste, as it is now called, is a moor on the south side of Bewcastle fells. The farm of Spadeadam is north of Triermain, on the line of the Roman road which runs northwards from the station of Amboglanna (Birdoswald) on the Roman wall.

3. **Harley-burn]** The stronghold alluded to is Featherston castle in Northumberland, which stands opposite the junction of the Hartley burn with the South Tyne above Haltwhistle. The parish of Hartleyburn borders upon Cumberland, close to Cumbria land.

5-9. While the men of Northumberland and Cumberland are on De Vaux's absence, cannot leave their fortresses, the raiders from the neighbouring Scottish dales are free for their work of invasion. Liddesdale (see note on ll. 30, 31, p. 108 above) is the valley of the Liddel, which rises in the Cheviots above Hawick and flows to the south Roxburghshire, flowing into the Esk and forming, in its lower part of its course, the border between England and Scotland. For Teviot (l. 6) and Eskdale (l. 8) see note on l. 14, p. 102 above. The Tarras and the Ewes waters (l. 7) are tributaries of the Tyne in Dumfriesshire; the Ewes meets it at Langholm and the Tyne about two miles south.

11. **de Vaux]** The family of Vaux (*de Vallibus*) were Norman lords of Gilsland and founders of the castle of Triern which remained in a younger branch of the family after the

line of the elder branch had died out. Coleridge introduced 'Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine' into the second part of *Christabel*, which was written some years before Scott's poem but not published till later.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LORD OF THE ISLES

The Lord of the Isles was contemplated by Scott during a visit to the western Highlands in the summer of 1810, but the idea was laid aside for other work. Most of the poem was written in the winter of 1814, and it was published on 18 January 1815. Scott broke new ground, both as regards the scenery of a great part of the work, which is laid in the islands of western Scotland and the Hebrides, and in the historical setting, which is furnished by the adventures of Robert Bruce and culminates in the battle of Bannockburn (1314).

The poem opens at the castle of Ardtornish, on the coast of the sound of Mull, where Edith, sister of the lord of Lorn, is awaiting the coming of Ronald, lord of the Isles, to celebrate their espousals. While all rejoice, Edith knows that Ronald does not return her love and, as she watches Ronald's galleys approach the castle, she communicates her fears to her foster-mother Morag. She sees a small bark contending against wind and tide in the distance. This contains the outlaw king, Robert Bruce, with his brother Edward and sister Isabel. They are forced to put to shore and seek hospitality at Ardtornish as nameless strangers. In canto II the nuptial banquet is proceeding, when the unknown guests are announced. Lorn is the bitter enemy of Bruce, who had slain the Red Comyn, his kinsman by marriage, and is in treaty with the king of England, whose envoy, Argentine, is present at the feast. The bearing of the strangers lays them open at once to suspicion and Argentine prompts the minstrel to sing a ballad in praise of the house of Lorn and in defiance of Bruce which Edward resents. They are discovered and Lorn and his followers threaten them with death, while the lord of the Isles, who is secretly in love with Isabel, defends them in the name of

hospitality, and Isabel pleads with Argentine, in the name of friendship, to stop the brawl. While all is in confusion, the abbot of Iona arrives to bless the espousals. Amid the wrangling, when Edith joins Isabel in her prayers for the Bruces' safety and Argentine demands them as prisoners of the English king, the abbot is about to pronounce his anathema upon Bruce. The exiled monarch, however, speaks boldly on his own behalf, arraigning Argentine and Lorn as traitors, and the abbot's curse is turned into a blessing.

In canto III the friendship of Lorn and Ronald is broken : Lorn prepares to leave Ardtornish, where Bruce remains as the lord of the Isles. Now that the match between Ronald and Edith is at an end, Lorn has sworn to give his sister in marriage to an English baron, Clifford; but Edith is found to have left the castle and to have escaped with Morag to sanctuary at Iona under the abbot's protection. As Lorn and his friends depart, Argentine demands reparation from Bruce for his charge of treachery and gives him his glove to wear in his helmet, so that he may recognise him in battle. After nightfall, Ronald and his chieftains seek Bruce and swear allegiance to him. It is decided in the interests of Bruce's safety, that he and Ronald shall go to the isle of Skye, while Edward and Isabel return for shelter to Ireland. Ronald and Bruce, with a page, leave their galley on the coast of Skye to go hunting. Near Loch Coruisk they meet hunters wearing badges of the house of Lorn, who tell them that their ship has fled at the approach of a southern vessel. They are constrained to spend the night in the strangers' cabin, where they find a captive youth, supposed to be dumb, and are warned of danger by his signs. Explaining that they are on a pilgrimage and under vow, they eat and sleep armed at one end of the cabin and keep watch in turns. During the night their hosts, who know Bruce's identity and have purposely laid the snare for him, attack them and kill the page; but Bruce and Ronald slay the ruffians and leave the hut in safety, taking the captive boy with them. As they return to their galley, in canto IV, they are met by Edward Bruce, who has followed them to call the king to

head of his army. The Scots are ready to march, and Edward I has died by the Solway, on his way to Scotland. Ronald accompanies Bruce and sends a galley to summon his island fleet to assemble at Brodick bay in Arran. On the way Ronald pleads for Isabel's hand, reminding Bruce that his troth with Edith has been broken by Lorn: Bruce promises to do what he can: Isabel is upon the isle of Arran in a nunnery, but her affections have already been engaged by an unknown knight seen at a tournament. Meanwhile, the dumb boy stands by and weeps: Edward Bruce offers to make him his page, but Bruce says that he is too tender and retiring for such an occupation and suggests that he should take shelter in St Bride's nunnery with Isabel. They land at Loch Ranza, where, at the sound of Bruce's bugle, his followers rally round him. He visits Isabel in her nunnery, where she has determined to take the vows: she recognises that the knight of the tournament and Ronald are one, but Ronald has broken his troth to her and pledged it to the maid of Lorn and she will not hear of his suit, unless he lays before her his spousal ring, freely yielded back by Edith. At this the young captive, who has been brought by Bruce to the convent and is a witness of the interview, flings his arms round Isabel's neck, which Bruce takes as a sign of his gratitude for the refuge provided for him. Leaving him behind, the king returns to his camp.

At the beginning of canto v, Isabel finds the spousal ring with a letter on the floor of her cell and divines that the captive is Edith in disguise, when she finds that he is not in the nunnery. Bruce has already left Loch Ranza for the meeting-place at Brodick; but she sends father Augustine, the chaplain, after him, begging him to send back the boy. Edward Bruce, however, has found him and sent him to the mainland, to announce the king's arrival to his tenants in the earldom of Carrick. Ronald promises to protect the boy and asks the chaplain to beg Isabel for some token which he may wear in battle. The army crosses to Carrick by night; but the English Clifford, for whom Lorn has destined Edith, occupies Bruce's castle at Turnberry, and Bruce's subjects are afraid to rise on his behalf. True to his promise, Ronald

guards the disguised Edith, whose disguise no one but Isabel yet discovered. She faints during the night-march, and Ronald hides her in a hollow oak, where she is found and taken prisoner to Clifford. Lorn is with him, and she hears him tell her the story, how, on her way to Iona, she has been captured by pirates. When Lorn sees the supposed boy, he at once advises that she should be hanged upon the hollow oak. The execution is about to take place, when Bruce and his men break from their ambush. Ronald rescues the prisoner, Clifford is slain, Lorn escapes in a galley, and Bruce regains his castle and sends messengers to Scotland of his victorious return.

An interval of some years separates the last canto from the first. Isabel has taken the vows at St Bride's and Edith, her disguise removed, is with her. Scotland has gradually been won back and Bruce is besieging the English in their last stronghold at Stirling. Lorn has died in England, and Edith, heiress to the Scottish lands, which are entrusted to Ronald's care, is a ward of the Scottish Crown. Ronald has resigned his pretensions to the hand of Isabel and is now ready to marry Edith. Bruce sends to St Bride's, requesting that Edith should be sent to him in her disguise of a dumb boy, to act as his page and to try Ronald's repentance for his broken troth. She arrives upon the field of Bannockburn, where Bruce has just slain sir Henry Bohun (Bohun). At dawn the battle is renewed. Edith watches the doubtful conflict from a neighbouring hill and, as the English rally for the last time under Argentine, she breaks her silence with a prayer for the victory of her country. Encouraged by the supposed miracle of her restored speech, the Scots beat back the English. Argentine, covering the retreat of king Edward, receives his death-wound from the lord of Colonsay: he has lost his chance of combat with Bruce, from whom he receives a chivalrous farewell. At the end of the battle, Ronald and Edith are married in the abbey church of Cambuskenneth.

The Lord of the Isles, though written hastily at a time when Scott was already engaged upon his work of prose romance, is distinguished by bounds in passages of spirited narrative and description, which

on their own merits, are not inferior to his earlier work. At the same time, the whole work was cast in a mould which was already familiar to his public: his old material was presented in a new setting to an audience which already had found the novelty it wanted in Byron's narratives in verse, and his power of chivalrous narrative, adorned with topographical allusion, could not regain the popularity which his earliest poems had won. As usual, Scott treated history with some freedom, weaving traditions of Bruce's adventures into an imaginary tale without regard to chronology.

I. AUTUMN ON TWEEDSIDE

These Spenserian stanzas, characteristic of the tender sentiment with which Scott invests his favourite scenery, form the introduction to the poem.

2. **Somerville]** The Pavilion of Alwyn, the seat of John Southey, fifteenth baron Somerville (1765-1819), is on the left bank of the Tweed, between Galashiels and Melrose. Lord Somerville was an intimate friend of Scott's, who learned much from him in the art of planting an estate. Shortly before the publication of *The Lord of the Isles*, Scott brought out a history of the Somerville family, entitled *Memorie of the Somervilles*.

7. **cushat]** The wood-pigeon.

9. **Ettrick]** See note on l. 74, p. 106 above.

10. **Gala]** Gala water, which gives its name to Galashiels, joins the Tweed a little below Abbotsford. Gala house belonged to Scott's kinsman, John Scott of Gala, whose property lay immediately across the Tweed, opposite Abbotsford.

23. **the red leaf]** Cf. Coleridge, *Christabel*, 49: 'The one red leaf, the last of its clan,' etc.

33. **his bugle]** An appropriate image for the month of November, the beginning of the full hunting season. Cf. the November landscape in Keble, *Christian Year*, 23d Sunday after Trinity, 6:

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,
And Echo bids good-night from every glade.

38. **Albyn]** See note on l. 59, p. 155 above.

39. **the rough West]** The ' wild West-wind,' the ' breath of Autumn's being.'

41. **Coolin's hills]** The Cuchullin or Cuillin hills, a range of jagged peaks in south-west Skye, which form the background of the scene described by Scott in cantos II and III.

42. **the Seer of Skye]** Cf. Collins, *Ode on the popular superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland*, 53 sqq.:

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,
Lodg'd in the wintry cave, with Fate's fell spear,
Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells,

and 97, 98:

The Seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay.

43. **Reay]** The country of the Clan Mackay, stretching : the western border of Caithness to the west coast and comprising a large part of Sutherland.

44. **Harries]** Harris, the southern part of the isle of Lewis the western Hebrides.

Iona] The island of Iona is the burial-place of the early kings of Scotland and other monarchs and Highland chieftains including the independent princes known as the lords of the Isles. Angus Og, the lord to whom Scott gives the more euphonious name of Ronald, is said, in a document quoted in a note by Scott to have been buried in Islay: the same note records the benedictions of his descendants to Iona and their burial there in St Omer's churchyard.

II. THE BROOCH OF LORN

The minstrel's song at the bridal feast in canto II, xi-xii is founded upon the story of the battle of Dalry (the king's death) in 1306. Bruce, after the murder of his rival John Comyn in Greyfriars' church at Dumfries, was crowned king of Scotland at Scone on 29 March 1306. On 19 June he was defeated at Methven by an English force under the earl of Pembroke and was forced to escape with a small band of followers. They made their

through the hills of Breadalbane (see note on l. 18, p. 142 above); but were met in Glendochart (see note on l. 2, p. 138 above), on the borders of Argyllshire, by John McDougal, lord of Lorn, Comyn's brother-in-law. After a severe engagement, Bruce was again defeated. It was said that, as he was making good his retreat up a narrow pass, he overpowered Lorn in a single combat. Lorn was rescued by two of his vassals who dragged Bruce away by his mantle. He killed them with his battle-axe, but the mantle and the brooch which held it remained in their grasp, and the brooch was preserved as a trophy by the house of Lorn.

14. **Dwarf's swart hands]** The trolls or gnomes of northern mythology were supposed to inhabit mountain-caves, where they mined and hammered metal into magic forms.

16. **England's love, or France's fear?]** I e. did the brooch come as a present from England, the ally of Bruce's enemies, or as a propitiatory gift from France, the enemy of England and the supporter of Bruce's claims?

17. **nothing]** Adverbial, with the sense 'in no wise.'

27. **Bendourish fell]** Ben Douran or Ben Doran (3526 ft), one of the highest summits of the part of the Grampians on the edge of Perthshire and Argyllshire.

28. **Douchart's sounding dell]** Glendochart.

29. **Teyndrum]** Tyndrum is a wild mountain parish which includes Glendochart and the source of the Tay. The village of Tyndrum is at the head of the Fillan water (see note on l. 2, p. 138 above), the upper part of the Dochart.

33. **the Douglas brand]** Sir James Douglas, lord of Douglas, known as 'the good lord James,' the most famous and devoted of Bruce's adherents. He died in 1330, fighting in Spain against the Moors, while on a pilgrimage to the Holy land in charge of Bruce's heart, a mission which gave the house of Douglas its armorial bearings of a crowned heart.

34. **Campbell]** Another of Bruce's followers, the ancestor of the house of Breadalbane.

35. **Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk]** After the quarrel between Bruce and Comyn in the church at Dumfries (see introductory

note), Bruce met, upon the threshold of the church, sir Ja Lindsay and sir Roger Kirkpatrick, laird of Closeburn. I asked him 'What tidings?' He answered, 'Bad tidings: I do I have slain the Red Comyn.' Thereupon Kirkpatrick, exclaiming 'I mak sicker' (i.e. I will make sure), rushed into the church. Lindsay and dispatched the wounded man.

37. **Barendown]** Scott derived the names of Barendown De la Haye (l. 38) from the *Brus*, a metrical chronicle by J. Barbour, archdeacon of Aberdeen (d. 1395), who mentions 'S William the Baroundoun' and 'Schyr Gilbert de la Haye' among the fugitives from the battle of Methven. Gilbert Hay, lord Errol and high constable of Scotland, was the ancestor of earls of Erroll.

III. LOCH CORUISK

From canto III, xii-xvi. For Bruce's landing in Skye, introd. note. The scene described is perhaps the wildest grandest in the British isles. Loch Coruisk (Gael. *Coire-u*, i.e. the corrie or hollow of water) is a small lake surrounded by the barren peaks of the Cuillin hills (see note on l. 41, p. above) and separated only by a narrow isthmus from the sea Loch Scavaig. Scott visited it on 25 August 1814 and has a minute prose description of it in the diary printed by Lockhart in his *Life of Scott*. 'Upon the whole,' he writes, 'though I have seen many scenes of more extensive desolation, I never witnessed any in which it pressed more deeply upon the eye and the heart than at Loch Corriskin; at the same time that its grandeur elevated and redeemed it from the wild and dreary character of utter barrenness.' This is the opinion also recorded in the introduction to canto IV of *The Lord of the Isles*, ll. 19-27, in which Scott says of the Highlands:

Such are the scenes, where savage grandeur wakes
An awful thrill that softens into sighs;
Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's lakes,
In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise:

Or, farther, where, beneath the northern skies.

Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns hoar—

But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize

Of desert dignity to that dread shore

That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Coriskin roar.

3. **Mull]** Bruce and Ronald sailed from Ardtornish, which is in Morven, the peninsula between Loch Linnhe and Loch Sunart, through the sound of Mull, which separates the island of Mull from the mainland, into the open sea.

4. **Ardnamurchan]** The peninsula north of Loch Sunart, on the borders of Argyllshire and Inverness-shire.

13. **his shiver'd crest]** The Cuillin hills are composed of the hard granitic rock called hypersthene. 'The tops of the ridge,' says Scott in his diary, 'apparently inaccessible to human foot, were rent and split into the most tremendous pinnacles.'

16. **Scavigh bay]** Loch Scavaig, on the south coast of Skye.

17. **calmer heaven]** I.e. they were delayed by a calm from landing until sunset.

21. **Strathnardill and Dunskey]** Strathnardill is an old form of Strathaird, the name of the narrow peninsula on the east side of Loch Scavaig. By Dunskey Scott appears to mean the portion of the island west of Loch Scavaig, between Soay sound and Loch Brittle.

31. **bolts]** Arrows.

34. **a wild stream]** The Scavaig, the outlet of Loch Coruisk, called by Scott a 'huddling and riotous brook.'

47. **by my halidome]** By my holy dame, i.e. St Mary.

64. **Benmore]** Several mountains in Scotland bear this name (the great mountain). Scott evidently refers to the mountain (3843 ft) in Perthshire, on the south side of Glendochart, near the scene of Bruce's defeat by John of Lorn.

65. **Glencroe]** The valley between Loch Long and Loch Fyne in Argyllshire.

66. **Cruchan-Ben]** Ben Cruachan, the great mountain (3689 ft) between Loch Awe and Loch Etive, on the south side of which the Awe flows through the pass of Brander. In 1308 Bruce

revenged himself upon John of Lorn for the defeat of Dalry b hemming him round in the pass of Brander, where most of th men of Lorn were slain or drowned.

90. **the Druid's stone]** Scott alludes to the logan or rockir stones which, in granite districts (e.g. in Cornwall and on Dar moor) are found balanced upon the rocks below—a natur phenomenon which, like others that seem to indicate huma agency, was at one time supposed to be the work of the Druids.

117. **old Cuchullin]** A chieftain in the Ossianic poems. Th name of the hills, however, is in Gaelic, *A Chuilionn* (the ridges and there appears to be no ground for the derivation fro Cuchullin.

122. **were]** Were here.

123. **His maidens]** Torquil, the lord of Dunvegan on t north-west coast of Skye, plays a prominent part in the dispu at Ardtornish in canto 11. Dunvegan castle, the seat of t Macleods, was visited by Scott in 1814. Macleod's maidens a three isolated basaltic rocks in the sea, close to the south poi of Duirinish, the north-western portion of the island. Sco describing a stormy night at Dunvegan, says that the roc covered with foam, 'seemed no bad representatives of t Norwegian goddesses, called Choosers of the Slain, or Riders the Storm.'

124. **my noble Liege]** Ronald is addressing Bruce in t third person.

125. **his Nurse]** Torquil's nurse. Scott alludes to the wat fall known as the Nurse of Rorie Mhor, near Dunvegan cas Roderick Macleod, called More (the great), lived in the reign James VI: the name was given to the waterfall 'because tl chief slept best in its vicinity.'

129. **Corryvrekin]** The rocky strait of Corryvreckan (*Co bhreacain*, the speckled hollow or caldron), separates the no end of the isle of Jura from the isle of Scarba. The tide r through it at a tremendous pace in 'a succession of whirlpoc The Hag (l. 130) is the personified spirit of the place.

IV. THE VOYAGE TO ARRAN

From canto iv, x, xi. The earlier part of the voyage from Skye is described in vii-ix; stanzas vii and ix, beginning with the line *Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,* are varied in x and xi. The whole passage is a signal instance of Scott's power of describing rapidity of movement and his abandonment to the joy of recapitulating the names of places, each of which had for him its own romantic charm and historical associations.

5. **Mull**] See note on l. 3, p. 173 above. Bruce and Ronald, on their southward journey, sail outside Mull, through the channel between it and the isles of Coll and Tiree. Ulva and Little Colonsay (l. 6) lie between Mull and Staffa.

8. **Staffa**] Staffa (the isle of columns), so called because of the pillar-like formation of its basaltic rocks, similar to those of the Giants' causeway in the north of Ireland, lies south of the small archipelago off the coast of Mull, which hems it in when it is approached from the north.

9. **all unknown**] Staffa, which is uninhabited, was unknown to all but the fishers of the neighbouring islands, until it was discovered by sir Joseph Banks during his voyage to Iceland in 1772.

13. **that wondrous dome**] Fingal's cave, at the south end of Staffa.

27. **Iona**] Iona lies about six miles south of Staffa. Scott contrasts the ruined cathedral church of the diocese of the Isles, the work of human hands, with Nature's temple of Fingal's cave.

36. **Loch-Tua**] The strait between Mull and Ulva.

37. **Tiree**] See note on l. 5 above. The island lies south-west of Coll (l. 38), the laird of which entertained Johnson and Boswell during their tour in the Hebrides.

39. **Columba's isle**] Iona or Hy, known as Icolmkill (the island of Columb of the church), from the monastery founded by St Columb, the apostle of Scotland, in 563.

45. **Lochbuie**] Loch Buy, on the south coast of Mull, was the seat of the head of a branch of the Maclaines.

47. **Islay]** The islands mentioned in ll. 47-52 lie off the coast of southern Argyllshire. The small island of Scarba (see note l. 129, p. 174 above), Jura and Islay lie in a line from north to south, divided from each other by narrow sounds. Colonsay, not the smaller island referred to in l. 6, is outside the group west of Jura.

59. **LEYDEN]** John Leyden (1775-1811), a scholar to whose researches Scott was greatly indebted for material for his *Ballads*. *Minstrelsy*, was the author of a ballad entitled *Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrieurekin*. Leyden left Scotland to practise as a surgeon in India, where he made great progress in the study of Oriental languages. He died at Cornelis on the island of Java in 1811.

V. THE DEATH OF ARGENTINE

From canto vi, xxxii-xxxiv. Sir Giles Argentine, says Scott 'was one of the most accomplished knights of the period. He had served in the wars of Henry of Luxemburg' [the emperor Henry VII] 'with such high reputation, that he was, in popular estimation the third worthy of the age. Those to whom he was assigned precedence over him were Henry of Luxemburg himself and Robert Bruce. Argentine had warred in Palestine, he countered thrice with the Saracens and had slain two antagonists in each engagement: an easy matter, he said, for one Christian knight to slay two pagan dogs.' Scott founded the story of his death upon the tradition that he and Aymer de Valence, earl of Pembroke, were chosen to guard Edward II at Bannockburn. When he saw Edward safely in retreat, he said 'God be with him: it is not my wont to fly,' and met his death as described in the poem. The Argenteyns, who took their name from Argenteville in Normandy, the place of their origin, were lords of Horse in Cambridgeshire.

9. **Saint James]** The patron saint of pilgrims. His name was an appropriate war-cry for Argentine, who had been

pilgrim and crusader in Palestine. The shrine of St James was at Santiago de Compostela in Spain. Cf. note on l. 107, p. 99 above.

15. **Colonsay's fierce lord]** 'Macduffith, lord of Colonsay' (*Lord of the Isles*, canto II, xvii). For Colonsay see note on l. 47, p. 176 above.

23. **cuish]** The *cuisse* is the steel piece of armour which defends the thighs. Its development belongs to a period rather later than the battle of Bannockburn, when plate-armour was in its infancy.

38. **The kind, the noble, and the brave]** These qualities, 'the three chief requisites of a noble knight,' were taken by Scott from the rhyming Latin poem on Bannockburn by Robert Baston, a Carmelite friar, who, engaged by Edward II to sing his victory was taken prisoner by Bruce and compelled to celebrate his master's defeat. He says of Argentine:

Nobilis Argenten, pugil inclyte, dulcis Egidi,
Vix scieram mentem cum te succumbere vidi,

i.e. 'Noble Argentine, famed warrior, courteous Giles, I was well-nigh out of my mind when I saw thee fall.'

44. **couch his lance]** Lay his lance in rest preparatory to charging.

51. **Lord Earl]** Argentine addresses Bruce, whom he regards as a rebel to his own king, by his title of earl of Carrick. The house of Bruce or Brus, came from Bruis in Normandy. The founder of the race, from whom the king of Scotland was descended in the eighth generation, received lands from the Conqueror in North Yorkshire. His son was granted the lordship of Annandale by David I of Scotland in 1124. Bruce's father married Marjory, countess of Carrick; the south part of Ayrshire, and the earldom of Carrick passed to Bruce himself on his mother's death in 1292. Bruce's claim to the crown of Scotland was founded upon the marriage of his great-grandfather to Isabel, niece of king William the Lion.

53. **our meeting]** The combat challenged by Argentine during the quarrel at Ardtornish, described in canto II.

65. **Ninian's convent]** St Ninian's, locally known as Ringan's, is the church of the parish in which Bannockburn situated. Scott converts it into a monastery.

66. **late-wake]** Vigils of the dead, at which the offices known as *Placebo* and *Dirige* from the opening words of their psalm were chanted. The word is properly 'lyke-wake,' i.e. watching over a corpse (Old English *līc*, which similarly appears in 'lycgate'), and the first part has nothing to do with 'late.'

HELLVELLYN

Written in 1805 after an ascent of Helvellyn in company with Wordsworth and Sir Humphrey Davy. The event alluded to in the poem is the death of a young man called Charles Gough, who lost his way and perished on Helvellyn in April 1805. His remains were discovered on 22 July in the same year, guarded by a terrier, who had managed to keep herself alive. Wordsworth's poem *Fidelity* refers to the same incident.

5. **Striden-edge]** The Striding edge and Catbedicam (1) are the precipitous ridges on the north-east side of Helvell flanking the hollow in which the Red Tarn lies beneath the summit of the mountain. Cf. Wordsworth, *Fidelity*, 17-21:

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below.

16. **the hill-fox and the raven]** Cf. Wordsworth, *Fidelity*, 1

A barking sound the Shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox,

and 26, 27

The crags repeat the raven's note
In symphony austere.

21. **requiem]** Service for the dead. See note on l. 4, p. 84 above.

27. **scutcheons]** Shields with armorial bearings. Cf. note on l. 25, p. 108 above.

THE PALMER

This short ballad was written in 1806. The scene is a ranger's lodge in the forest of Ettrick.

9. **Palmer]** A pilgrim from the Holy land, so called from the palm-branch which he carried in token of his wanderings. See *Marmion*, I, xxiii, xxiv, for the description of the visits of the palmer of the tale to various holy places.

14, 15. Cf. *The Gray Brother*, 106, p. 5 above. For the custom of bringing back pardons and relics from abroad see Chaucer's description of the pardoner in *Cant. Tales*, A 669 sqq., with his wallet 'bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot' and his various relics.

17. **her form]** The hiding-place of a hare in grass, so called from the form or impression of the body left in it.

33. **The Ranger]** See note on l. 27, p. 156 above.

HUNTING SONG

Written in 1808 as part of the conclusion added by Scott to the unfinished romance of *Queenhoo Hall* by Joseph Strutt (1749-1802) and printed in the general preface to *Waverley* (1814).

THE SPINDLE SONG

Sung by Meg Merrilies to her spindle in Ellangowan castle, after the birth of the young heir in *Guy Mannering* (1815), ch. iv.

ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE, 1692

The metrical form of these eloquent lines, published in 1814, was clearly suggested by Campbell's noble lyric of *Hohenlinden*, which had been published in 1802. For the massacre of Glencoe see Macaulay, *Hist. England*, ch. xviii: the massacre of the MacDonalds on 13 Feb. 1691-2, ostensibly due to the chief of the clan's failure to take the oath of allegiance to William III within the prescribed time, was really an act of revenge instigated by John, earl of Breadalbane, whose lands the clan had plundered.

3. **the desert of Glencoe**] Glencoe (the glen of weeping) is near the northern border of Argyllshire, opening out of Loch Leven, an arm of Loch Linnhe. Macaulay describes it as 'the most dreary and melancholy of all the Scottish passes, the very Valley of the Shadow of Death.'

11. **the erne**] The golden eagle.

22. **snood**] A fillet for binding the hair.

25. Cf. St Matth. xxvi. 23: 'He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me.'

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

The first stanza of this ballad, written in 1816, was taken from an ancient source. Hazeldean, now called Hassendean, is in Roxburghshire, north of Hawick. The speaker who tempts the lady with the offer of his son's hand is a Northumberland laird. Errington or Elrington and Langley (ll. 11, 12) are on the south side of the Tyne valley, between Hexham and Haltwhistle. The theme much resembles that of *Allen-a-Dale* (p. 157 above).

7. **she loot**] She let.

19. **manag'd**] Trained, controlled.

29. **bower and ha'**] See note on 'bower,' l. 2, p. 102 above.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

Written in 1816. For 'pibroch' see note on l. 15, p. 141 above. Donuil Dhu, Donald the Black, was a chieftain of the Campbell or Conuil clan.

12. **Inverlochy**] The mouth of the Lochy river at the head of Loch Linnhe, near Fort William.

19, 20. Cf. the incidents in the summoning of the clans by the Fiery cross in *The Lady of the Lake*, III, xv-xxiii.

REBECCA'S HYMN

Sung by the Jewess Rebecca in her prison at Templestov before her interview with the Templar, sir Brian de Bois-Guilbe in *Ivanhoe* (1819-20), ch. xxxix. The poem is largely a cento

quotations from Scripture; for ll. 1-2 see Ps. cxiv. 1, 2; ll. 5-8, Ex. xiii. 21 and Ps. cv. 39; ll. 9-12, Ex. xv. 20 and Ps. lxviii. 25; l. 13-16, Ps. xliv. 9 sqq.; l. 24, St John v. 35; ll. 25, 26, Ps. xxxvii. 2-4; ll. 29-32, Ps. l. 13 and li. 16, 17.

COUNTY GUY

The song of the 'Lady of the Lute,' the countess Isabelle of Croye, overheard by Quentin Durward at the castle of Plessis-lès-Tours in *Quentin Durward* (1823), ch. iv. County = count.

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